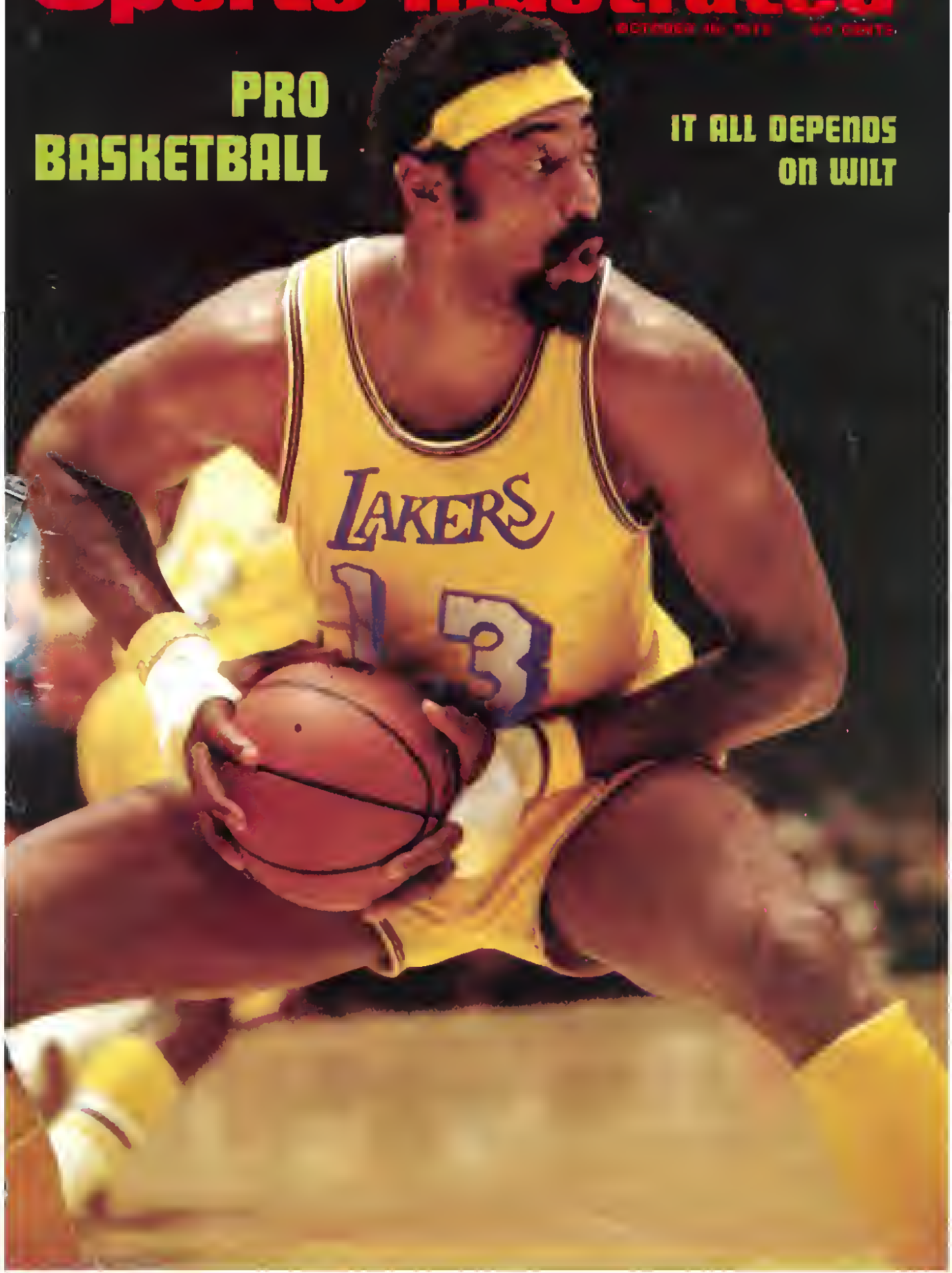
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 16, 1972 60 CENTS

PRO BASKETBALL

IT ALL DEPENDS ON WILT



The 1973 Continentals.

Designed to ride and handle even better than our '72's. Which rode and handled even better than the other luxury car.

Serious, carefully engineered machines. We believe that in 1973 the Continentals will deliver the most outstanding performance on the American road, just as they did in 1972 in riding and handling tests against the other luxury car.

The ride.

In the Continentals' ride, there is a deep, deep quiet, a quality achieved from almost incredible attention to details of insulation throughout the automobile: from the smallest rubber washers to carpeting approximately one-half inch thick.

The Continental has one of the widest stances of any American automobile, which contributes to the unequalled stability of its ride. Standard equipped steel-belted radial ply tires provide their share of that smooth, even, steady ride.

And then, handling.

The entire suspension geometry contributes to the sensitivity of its handling characteristics. In turn, those handling characteristics assure exceptionally steady cornering, and controlled turns, virtually without sway.

There is, naturally, still more. In order to measure up to our reputation for producing the finest luxury cars on the American road, proven in the 1972 road tests, we cannot allow the smallest detail of design or construction to go unnoticed. Test drive one of our Continentals and you will see and feel for yourself that, indeed, we have not.

Illustrated: Continental Mark IV with Silver Luxury Group Option and Lincoln Continental Town Car

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL
CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

CONTINENTAL

Almost nothing will stop it

The Firestone All Position Town & Country®...

Because your winter driving problems often change from hour to hour, Firestone put together three tread sections to do the winter job right. The steble traction section on the left puts a lot of rubber on the road for steering control, dry pevement stopping end quiet running. Center Z bars provide a smooth ride and good mileage. The open trection section on the right is there to take those big hungry bites that stop end start you in deep snow and slush. And for those exciting miles you spend on glare ice and herd packed snow, this tire has room for eight rows of studs* instead of six.

You can put these tires up front, too, where most of your stopping and steering control come from. So you can head your car into winter end know, almost nothing will stop it. (Available for U.S. end most imported cars.)

Firestone

THERE'S A *FREE* ICE SCRAPER WAITING FOR YOU AT YOUR FIRESTONE DEALER OR STORE

the people tire for winter

You go through ice, mud or snow or we pay the tow!

*Studs available where laws allow

To prove Fisher sounds best, we created a record that even makes our competitors sound good.

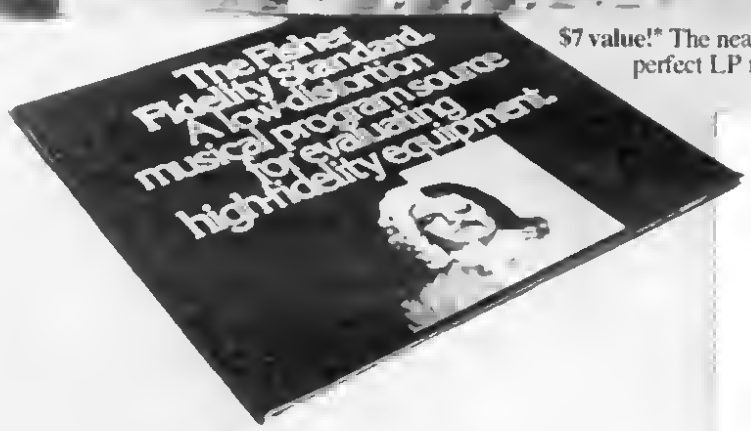
We're thoroughly convinced that we make the best-sounding stereo and 4-channel equipment. But what good is that if we can't prove it to *you*?

For example, the Fisher 40 shown here is a fantastic buy in 4-channel sound. For under $500 you get a 100-watt 4-channel AM/FM receiver, a 4-channel tape cartridge player and an automatic turntable, all in one compact unit. But you won't be at all impressed if you hear it playing the usual scratchy record.

That's why we created *The Fisher Fidelity Standard.* A compatible stereo/4-channel record made with fanatical care, so that any distortion you hear has got to come from the equipment, not from the grooves. We don't know of any commercially available record that can equal it for testing or showing off a system.

Only Fisher dealers have it. (If you want your own copy to take home, see coupon.) Of course, it makes everything in the store sound better because at least one source of distortion has been eliminated.

But, for the same reason, it makes the best equipment sound best.



$7 value!* The nearest thing to the technically perfect LP record. **Only $1!**

The Fisher Fidelity Standard is a 12-inch long-playing album, produced exclusively for Fisher and recorded with up-to-the-minute engineering techniques to be the ultimate demonstration record. Five classical selections on one side, seven rock and jazz selections on the other, no incomplete excerpts. Yours for only $1—along with a free copy of **The Fisher Handbook**, a 52-page guide to high fidelity. (*Other compatible stereo/4-channel records sell for up to $7.) To get your copy, fill out this coupon and present it to any participating Fisher dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

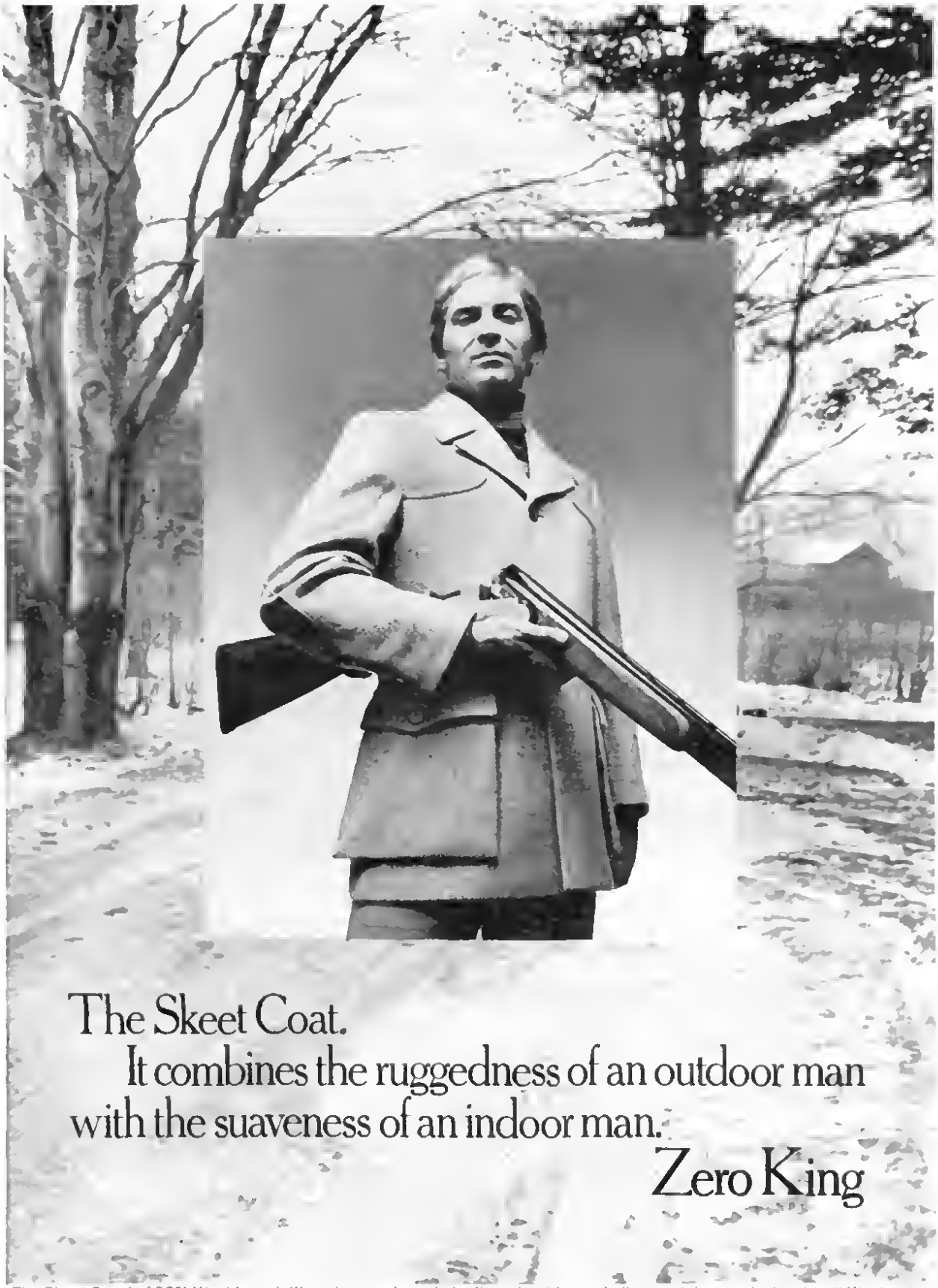
S10

For the name of your nearest participating Fisher dealer, call **(800) 243-6000** toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-(800) 882-6500.

In Canada, for name of your nearest dealer write Tri-Tel Associates Ltd., 55 Brisbane Road, Downsview, Ontario. This offer expires February 1, 1973.

FISHER

We invented high fidelity.



The Skeet Coat.

It combines the ruggedness of an outdoor man with the suaveness of an indoor man.

Zero King

The Skeet Coat is 100% Wool tweed. It's got rugged suede leather shoulder and elbow patches and a bright all-Wool tartan lining. Its price is a rather timid $80. B. W. Harris Manufacturing Co., P.O. Box 3946, West St. Paul, Minnesota 55165.

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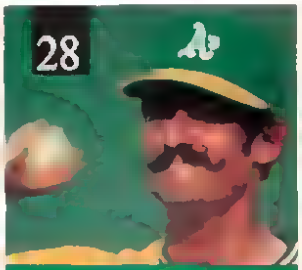
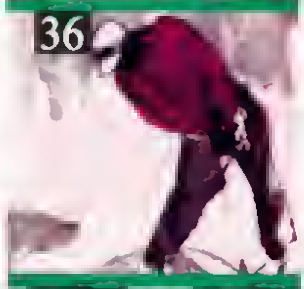
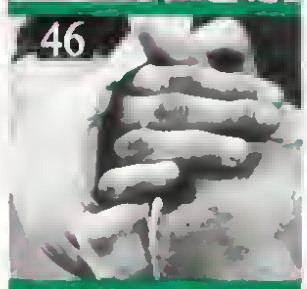
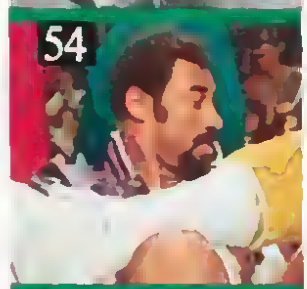
Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.









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Next week

THE BEST of both worlds, baseball and tennis, is coming up. Ron Fimrite reports on the Series at home and Curry Kirkpatrick will be our man in Bucharest for the Davis Cup.

SUICIDE SQUADS are on the field for about a fifth of all NFL plays. Bob Boyle explains how this different game within the game should be played—as well as how to watch it.

THE HULL THING starts, and Mark Mulvoy will be having a look as Bobby tackles a new job in a new league—will he be worth $3 million playing and coaching for Winnipeg?

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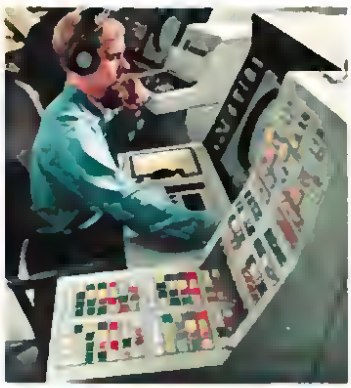
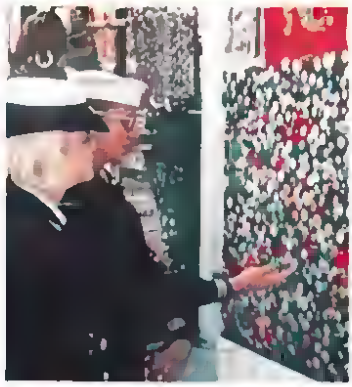
1919: Join the Navy and see exotic places.

COME ALONG
learn something, see something in the
U S NAVY
ample shore leave
for inland sights

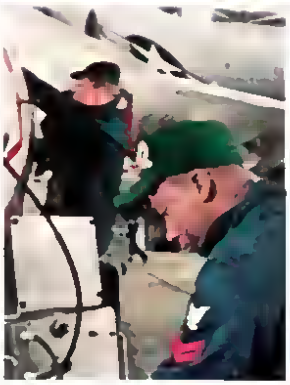
This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

and get job





1972: Join the Navy training that will take you places.



The new Navy still gives young men and women the opportunity to visit exotic places. But now they take with them the benefits of some of the most thorough job training in the world. Those who qualify can choose from more than 300 important, skilled jobs. From computer technology and electronics to nuclear science and aviation mechanics. The kind of training that helps a man or woman go places inside the Navy or out.

But there are other important reasons for joining the new Navy. Newcomers start out at $288 a month, plus food, housing, clothing and health care. There's a new three-year enlistment which guarantees choice of East or West Coast. And a join-now, report-up-to-six-months-later plan.

If you want to go places fast—or know someone who does—the new Navy is just the place to do it. For more information, send in the attached coupon right now. Or call toll free 800-424-8880.

Be someone special in The New Navy

Smiley
KEEP OUT
America's Favorite Cigarette Break.
Benson & Hedges 100's.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health
Regular: 16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Apr. '82.
BENSON&HEDGES
100's
Menthol or Regular

The Wizard® of Avis is here.

The next sound you hear will be the competition gnashing its teeth.

We don't blame them. They don't have a Wizard.

The Wizard of Avis is the most sophisticated computer in the travel world, bar none.

For example, suppose you've made a reservation. When you come in for your car, The Wizard remembers you and can print up your rental form with lightning speed and impeccable accuracy.

And if you're in the Golden File℠—The Wizard's permanent file—things go even faster. Your rental form can already be printed up and waiting for you when you get to the counter to pick up the car you reserved.

Maybe the best part of renting your Avis car will be turning it in. Because The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate. What a Wizard!

You'll find The Wizard of Avis at many Avis counters right now. Soon it will be almost everywhere.

And what will the competition do, after it's finished gnashing its teeth? We're not too worried.

You see, when it comes to The Wizard, there is no competition.

Avis. We try harder.

And the harder we try, the easier it gets.

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Avis rents the dependable Dodge and other fine cars.

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Trucking: THE INDUSTRY THAT WORKS FOR YOU

Each one of us, in soma way, is dependent each day on the trucking industry. For life-sustaining necessities. For basic living comforts. For maintenance and protection. For convanienca. It is vital to our personal and national economy. Vital to our continuing growth as a nation. Vital to our way of life.

And the responsibility—as well as the constant goal—of the trucking industry is to provida this kind of service with safety to achieve a lower distribution cost.

Michelin was the first to develop and manufacture steelbelt radial tires. This is Michelin's vital contribution to the industry that works for you.

MICHELIN

MEMBER ATA FOUNDATION INC. AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

MICHELIN TIRE CORPORATION / 2500 MARCUS AVE. / LAKE SUCCESS, NEW YORK

Machine shown actual size

Egg shown actual size

This Casio-Mini for $59.95 leaves every other calculator with egg on its face.

Now for less than the cost of your portable typewriter you can own a portable cordless *11 ounce* electronic calculator And it can be as important to your home as anything you have in your home! But make no mistake because of its price *This is a Casio* with the famous Casio repulation for quality, durability and years of trouble-free service

What'll it do? Practically anything you need it to do add, subtract, multiply, divide, chain multiplication, you can even add and subtract in the same problem (mixed calculation)

Who needs it? Who doesn't! Men can use it in business for taxes figure analysis, credit balances, percentages, mark-ups, unit costs, pricing And it's a whiz at figuring bowling and golf handicaps Women need it for checkbook and bank statement balancing budget planning and control, for comparison shopping unit pricing sales taxes and even in the supermarket to check against the check-out clerk! And what kid in the country doesn t need help with his arithmetic homework It is also a wonderful way to teach children numbers, arithmetic and multiplication tables!

This lightweight wonder has a large, bright 6-digit display but a flip of a button gives you a 12-digit answer if needed It comes complete with carrying case carrying strap and 4 penlight batteries And now you know why other machines are embarrassed about their boasts!

Get one today and you'll soon wonder how you ever got along without it! And you'll never want to be without it!

Casio

ELECTRONIC CALCULATORS
Consumer Products Division
Executive Offices Suite 4011, One World Trade Center
New York N Y 10048 Tel 212-432-9230

If you think California brandy only mixes with cigars and harumphs,

you've got another drink coming:

Brandy from California

It's nicely traditional to drink brandy like brandy. Warm it, sniff it, sip it slowly.

But in California, people also drink brandy like scotch. Or bourbon. Or even like gin and vodka.

Because California brandy is something special. It's made from pure California wine. So it has a clean, natural taste that mixes with just about anything.

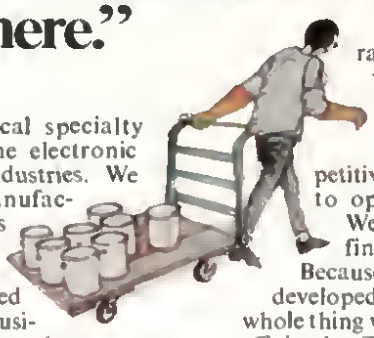
Put California brandy in your next screwdriver (picture). That'll make it a California Driver. Or try it with bitter lemon, or soda, or water. Or with nothing but rocks and a twist.

Mixing brandy may sound sacrilegious. But it tastes divine. And if it offends your sense of tradition, you can always serve it in a snifter.

Brandy from California. You've got another drink coming.

California Brandy Advisory Board, San Francisco.

"When the emergencies arose...Continental Bank was there."



"We're a chemical specialty house serving the electronic and electrical industries. We develop and manufacture chemicals used in the fabrication and assembly of printed circuits. We do business as Lonco throughout the nation and with jobbers throughout the world." Speaker: Robert I. Schub, President, London Chemical Company.

"Our company is concerned with steady, sound growth. This is what Continental Bank has helped us accomplish." Speaker: Kenneth W. Anderson, Vice President, London Chemical Company.

"In 1967, a neighboring company exploded and burned our plant. Before the firemen left, our banker was there. He took a personal interest in our situation and within six days, we were back in business at temporary headquarters. And today, with his help we are in a brand new plant.

"Then in 1969, competitive conditions forced us to open operations on the West Coast. We needed financial assistance fast. Because of the rapport we had developed with our banker, the whole thing was handled quickly and efficiently. Today, our West Coast facility has proven itself to be a profitable venture.

"During the 1970-71 cost/price crunch we needed additional financial assistance to go into bulk receipt and storage of raw materials. Our banker from Continental analyzed our requirements and in a short time delivered on our needs.

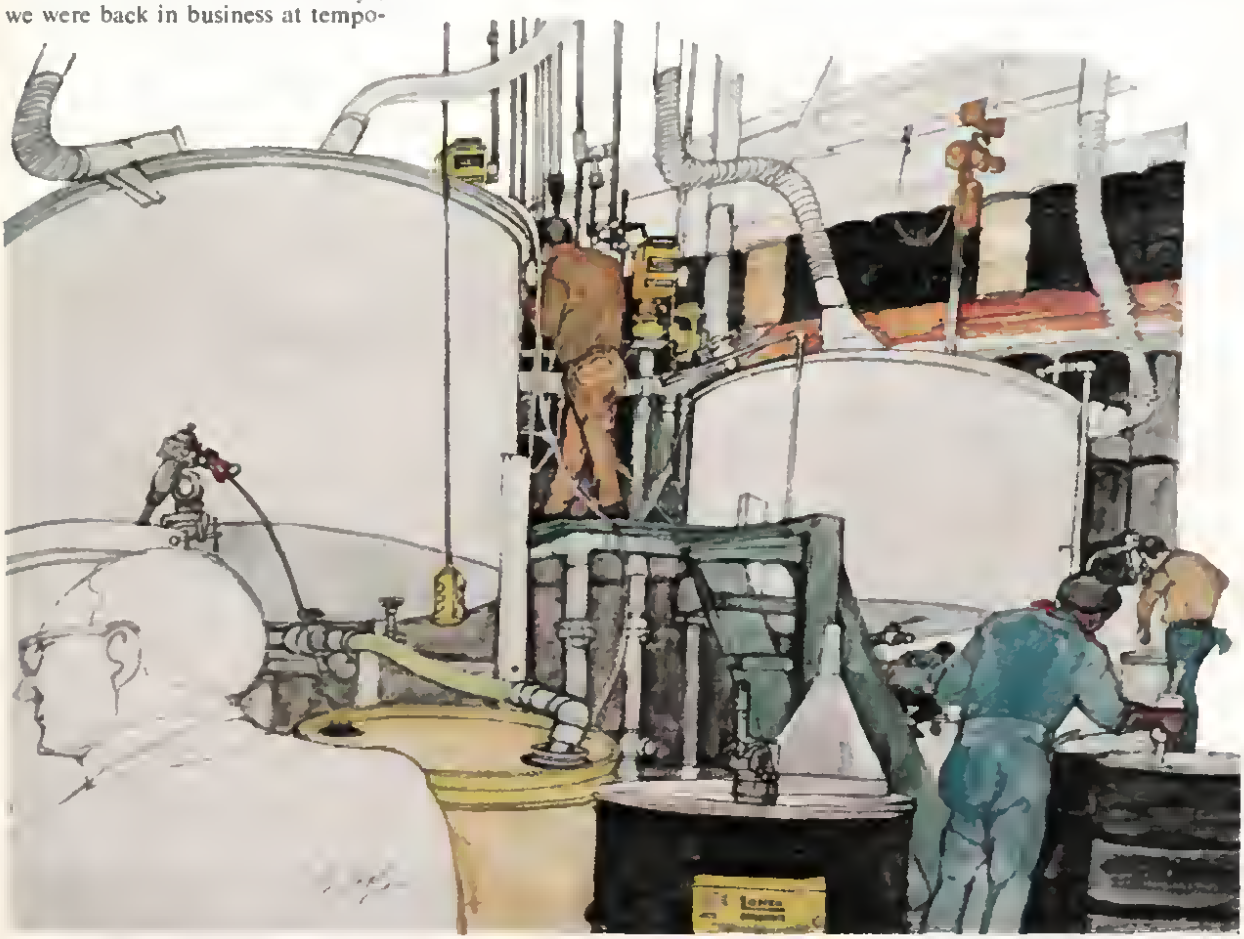
"These were just three instances where dealing with Continental Bank made the difference. Our banker was able to personally relate to our various situations and to prove to us by his actions how flexible a bank could be.

"In our business, time is of the essence because of our customers' immediate need for their orders. We can't afford to wait. And we can always be sure when the emergency arises—when a variation from the normal flow of events takes place—Continental Bank will be there."

At Continental Bank, we believe a banker should thoroughly understand a company's growth plans and be able to react to changing circumstances promptly and efficiently. If that sounds like the kind of rapport you want with a bank, call our business development specialist, Phil Lewin, Vice President, at 312/828-3727.

CONTINENTAL BANK

Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago
231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago Illinois 60693 Member F D I C



"Whether you enjoy our brandy in a snifter, or mixed in your favorite way, you will always enjoy the taste that is ours alone. Light. Mellow. Smooth. We start planning for it the day we choose the grapes. A tradition of quality we will never change."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster, The Christian Brothers

The Brandy Old-Fashioned. Photographed in our old stone winery, Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California Brandy 80 proof

These are the first cigars guaranteed to taste as fresh as on the day they were made.

At last, it's here.

The first cigar guaranteed fresh no matter what.

Garcia y Vega. A cigar so great, it deserves to taste as fresh as it did on the day it was made.

So we invented a way to guarantee it. The pack with the new blue seal. The pouch inside is like a portable humidor. We call it Flav-R-Gard®. It doesn't look very different. But it is probably one of the best things to happen to cigars since the Indians invented them.

You're likely to find Garcia y Vega's new humidor pack most everywhere.

At prices for every purse.

In the most popular cigar shapes.

Taste a great cigar.

Taste a Garcia y Vega.

Garcia y Vega has been around since 1882.

But we still keep getting fresh ideas.

Garcia y Vega

Connoisseur's Choice Since 1882

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"How many in your party, sir?" the clerk at New York's John F. Kennedy airport asked, staggering beneath the weight of Editor Peter Carry's wad of tickets. "One," Carry told him, which is to say the pro basketball season is here again.

Carry was heading up our team out scouting the pros for the 1972-73 reports beginning on page 59. He covered the ABA West, the NBA Central and the NBA Midwest, a schedule that involved 30 airports in 15 days—all for a look at the game from San Diego to Montreal and plenty of points in between. Scranton, Pa., for instance, where he saw the 76ers play the Bullets—and the 76ers and the Bullets, if they happened to have been watching, saw Carry, in the great Halftime Celebrity Foul-Shooting Contest. Celebrity-wise, the best Scranton could come up with was two newspapermen and four or five coaches, but our resident hotshot failed to shoot hot, hitting 3 for 5 and losing to one of the newspapermen, who went 5 for 5 to uphold the honor of the Fourth Estate. Of this debacle Pete says that he had had to get up early to leave Dallas that morning, had changed planes and waited three hours in Pittsburgh, and besides he didn't have his lucky shoes. At least during the Pittsburgh stopover he spent the time playing a computerized sports-quiz game and scored "genius" three times, which certainly establishes him as an expert and an O.K. guy to be heading up our scouting team.

Out on the West Coast our NBA Pacific information was gathered by Merv Harris, the portly Merv Harris, formerly a basketball writer for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*, currently a P.R. man for the city of Long Beach and still one of the most knowledgeable basketball reporters on any coast.

In the East, considerably thinner than Merv Harris, Reporter Jane Gross covered the teams in the NBA Atlantic and ABA East. Jane met with no flak just because she was a girl, right?

GROSS AND GILMORE SEE EYE TO EYE

Not exactly. A few teams drew the line at letting her ride even in the backs of their buses, though they did occasionally let her fly on the same airplanes. In Springfield, Mass., Carolina Cougar Forward Joe Caldwell looked her over and, apparently uncomfortable until he got her classified, demanded, "What are you, a lady sportswriter?" Perhaps most exasperating of all, the Knicks were among the teams that barred her from their buses. Jane is the daughter of *New York Post* sports columnist Milton Gross, and has probably logged as many hours at training camps, and more hours watching the Knicks, than anyone on the staff. As a member of the working press she was all of a sudden stashed farther from the action than she had been since she was two.

By and large, though, 5-foot Jane got on well with the basketball players, and why not? She had something in common with Kentucky's 7′ 2″ Artis Gilmore and his friends, they are all sick and tired of jokes about how the weather is up, down there.

Jack Mayer

9 reasons why you should buy a Honda Sedan.

1 The babies who cost so much to raise these days

2 The lovely lady who costs so much to take out these days

3 The butcher who charges so much for meat these days

4 The banker who charges so much for big auto loans these days

5 The girl who charges so much for popcorn at the movies these days

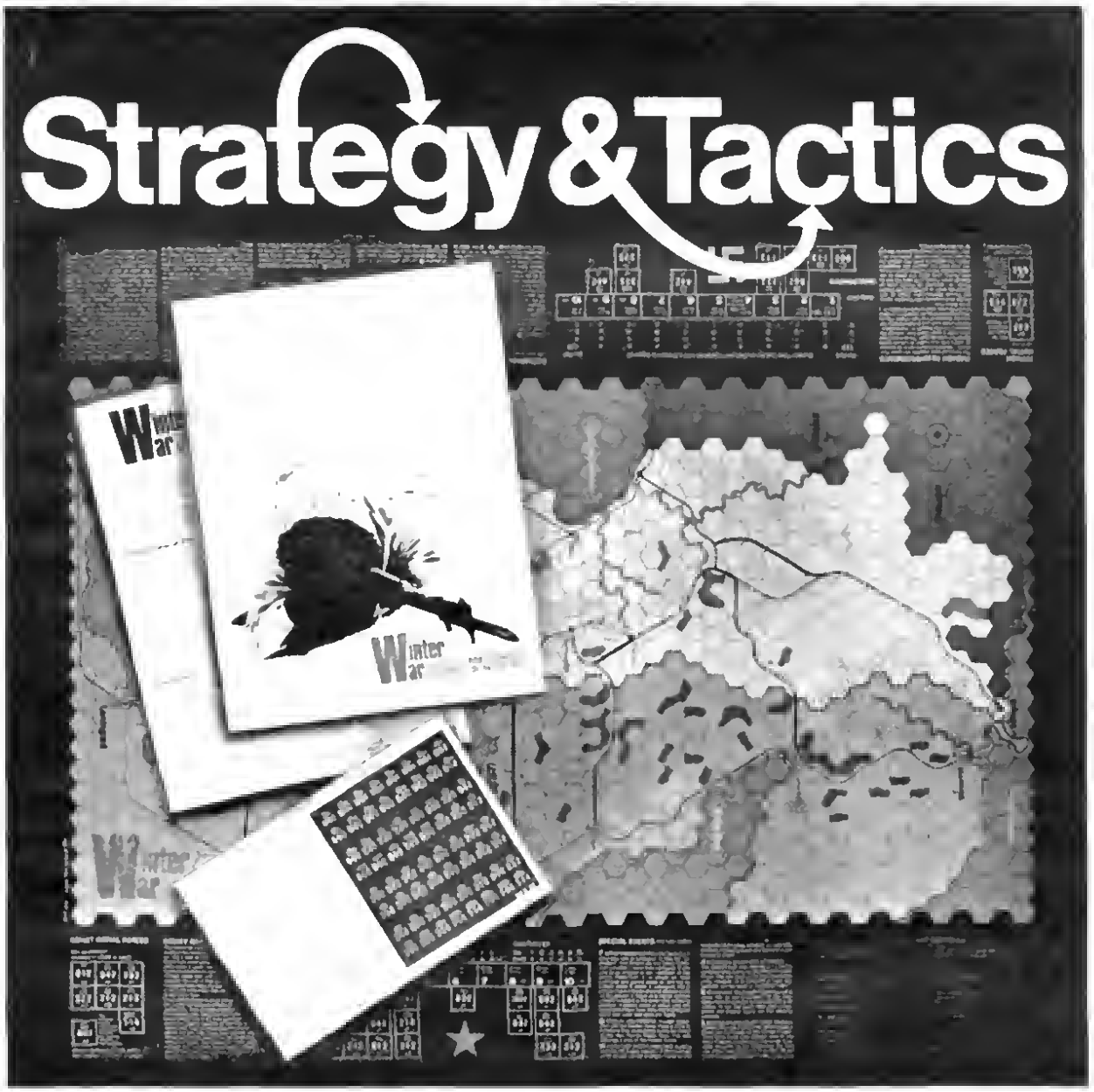
6 The auto mechanic who charges so much for repairs these days

7 The landlord who charges so much for rent these days

8 The ski instructor who charges so much for skiing lessons these days

9 The gas station attendant who charges so much for gas these days

The Honda Sedan. $1595.
It makes a lot of sense.



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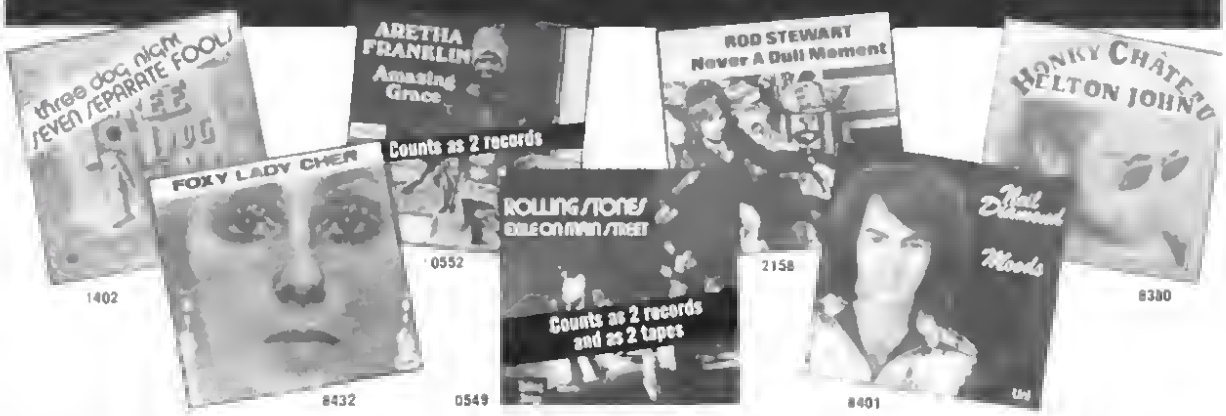

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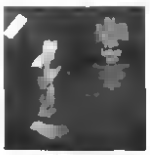

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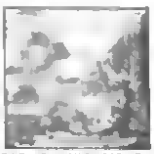

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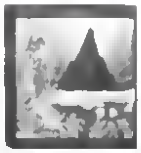

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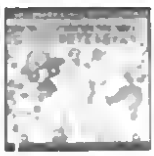

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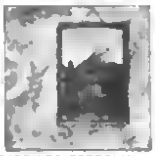

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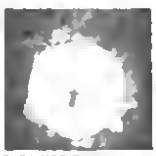

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BOOKTALK

In 'Stop-Action,' the Bears' Dick Butkus may have taken his title too seriously

The great thing about the Bears' Dick Butkus is that he plays football so well. What he doesn't do so well is talk into his tape recorder for a solid week about a full house of issues, many of them as relevant to pro football as your kid sister. Unfortunately, that is what he has tried in *Stop-Action* (Dutton, $6.95), a free-form diary of a week in the life of a linebacker.

The week Butkus reviewed (with the help of Writer Robert Billings) is the final one of last season—a dismal seven days for the Bears and mediocre ones for Butkus, who was hampered by a knee operation that kept him from going at 100%. As a result, the pro's prose is a melange of frustrations and petty grievances. For example, he says of the Detroit Lions, "I think they are a lot of jerks, from the owner, the general manager, the coach on down. . . . If we were voting for a jerk team or organization they'd have my vote all the way."

Ordinarily, one might be willing to read such diatribes, as well as the comments he makes on his team's chug-a-lug contests, its bizarre card games or the workingmen's bars of Roseland, such as Stuka's, where "if you order a fancy drink he'll tell you to go someplace else." What is disappointing is that all this 1950s machismo leaves precious little space to discuss the game itself. And that is all too bad because Butkus could tell us so much about what it is like to play football and outthink the opponent. When he sticks to that, the book is good. Likewise, he is topical and interesting on the subjects of AstroTurf, the cussedness of the front office (the Bears management nixed a dealer's offer of a free color TV for the player of the week) and coaching.

For all that, Butkus does seem a little out of touch. Coming after iconoclastic—if not hysterical—books by such as Dave Meggyesy, Bernie Parrish and Larry Merchant, *Stop-Action* is anticlimactic. We have become used to commercial discontent among the jocks, and most of Butkus' predecessors in the genre raised more basic questions, like what football does to a player's spirit, or whether there is an NFL blackball, or how come so many defensive secondaries are black. Butkus manages to sidestep these and blames his frustrations on his teammates and kindred spirits, some of whom are seen as dogging it or laughing it up too much.

BUTKUS: "What the hell are you laughing about? What's so damn funny?"

LLOYD PHILLIPS. "I'm laughing because they're so damn wide open."

D.B. "If you were doing your job rushing they wouldn't be so damn wide open."

L.P.: "Who the hell do you think you are?"

Similarly, his approach to the Bears' racial problems could qualify him for some sort of NFL linear-oversimplification award. When the black players refuse to contribute to a team gift for a veteran player they consider racist, Butkus explodes: "What the hell does [their refusal] make them? I felt the least we could do is give [him] a little recognition . . ." Which is, of course, exactly what the black players were doing.

Somehow I think his editors missed a bet by not giving his book a more appropriate title. Say, *The Wit and Wisdom of Archie Butkus*.

—MICHAEL OLMERT

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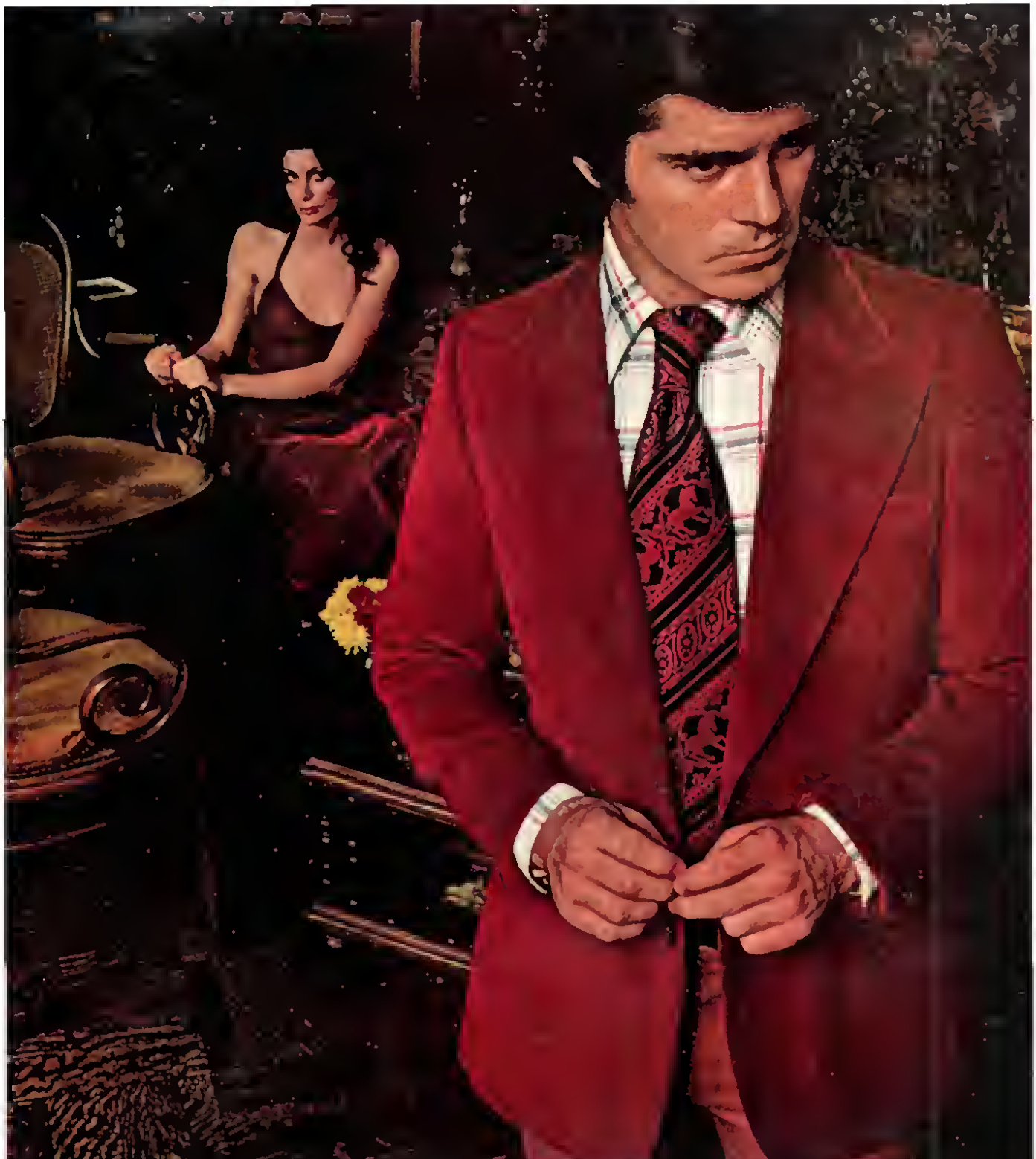

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

POLITICAL FOOTBALL

Arguments on legislation before Congress that would lift pro football's TV blackout of home games have degenerated into bombast, as politicians' arguments so often do. Senator John Pastore of Rhode Island, a supporter of the legislation, became so carried away that he called the situation "a national crisis."

Generally, proponents of the bill seem to be arguing that it comes down to a choice between "blackout" and "right to see" home games. Blackout is bad, right to see is good. Yet the proposed legislation clearly accepts the idea that pro football is entitled to bar local TV; it says a team can do this if it has not sold all tickets to the game 48 hours before kickoff. The principle of blackout is thus condoned, and the public's right to see on TV every game it wants to see is denied.

Congress also recognizes the need of pro football to protect its financial structure. Indeed, one of the arguments for the legislation holds that more liberal use of TV would bring the clubs even greater revenue. Pro football disagrees. It worries now about overexposing the game on the tube. It remembers what happened to professional boxing because of television saturation. It recalls what local telecasting did to home attendance of the Los Angeles Rams in the 1950s. It knows how much revenue from parking and concessions is lost when in bad weather thousands of ticket-holding fans become no-shows, and it anticipates how much greater the no-show factor would be if there were a possibility of seeing the game on television. And it is keenly aware how important the noise and excitement of capacity crowds are to the "entertainment package" that TV buys.

In sum, pro football says any local telecasting of home games will inevitably lead to serious financial loss. Arguments to the contrary, says NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, amount to "the rather remarkable contention that the clubs are stubbornly resisting the opportunity to make more money."

What they are resisting is a direct threat to the continuing stability of a sport that by and large has run itself with commendable efficiency, enjoys widespread popularity and is presently in excellent health. That it should be endangered by emotional political argument in an election year is deplorable.

IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

According to an NCAA guide to colleges, the tennis coach of Alaska Methodist University is Jack Frost.

AEI-OW!

The baseball trivia item of the year and possibly the most overwrought baseball phrase of the decade (Four-Ply Clout Division) are both found in the same sentence of a recent Detroit Tigers publicity note: "Aurelio Rodriguez, only player in the majors whose first name contains each vowel, has been wielding a molten mace of late . . ."

THAT EMPTY FEELING

Along with the blow to its pride it suffered during the Canada-Russia hockey showdown, the National Hockey League got hit in the pocketbook, too. With so many big names off with Team Canada, attendance at preseason exhibition games fell off sharply. When the Boston Bruins met the Montreal Canadiens in Montreal's Forum, where a record 19,000 saw an exhibition game last year, fewer than 4,000 people were on hand. The Stanley Cup finalists drew only 3,500 when they played in Halifax, and when they met in Boston, where sellout crowds are commonplace, there were thousands of empty seats.

Other teams did even worse. In Kitchener, Ontario, where the annual Rotary Club game usually draws a sellout 6,500, only 1,927 saw the New York Rangers play the St. Louis Blues. The Philadelphia Flyers played three games in Ottawa's Civic Center, which seats 9,355. They drew 2,475 with the locally popular Toronto Maple Leafs, 774 with the California Seals and a rattling 321 with the Pittsburgh Penguins.

YO-YO

Everything happens, sooner or later, on a golf course, but the things that were visited upon Dick Smith in the Philadelphia Sectional PGA championship were almost beyond belief. On the first day his caddie stumbled and kicked his ball a few feet. Following the practice and tradition of golf, Smith called a penalty on himself. Then assuming the ball was supposed to be returned to approximately its original position, he did the lift-and-drop-over-the-shoulder routine.

The caddie's error cost Smith one stroke, which was duly added to his score. Then, after discussing the incident,

the tournament rules committee decided that lifting and dropping the ball was a mistake, too, and one that demanded an extra two-stroke penalty. Smith was thus zapped with three strokes.

This seemed rather extreme, and the next day the committee asked a U.S. Golf Association official for an opinion. The USGA man said a player cannot be penalized twice for the same offense, so off came the two added strokes. But the discussion continued, and on the third day the committee phoned Com-

continued

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missioner Joe Dey of the PGA. Dey said Smith should have been penalized all three strokes or else he should have been disqualified.

But Smith was playing fine golf, right there at the head of the pack, and the committee was reluctant to accept this Draconian ruling. Someone pointed out that the rules of golf are ordained by the USGA and that Dey, although once the USGA's executive director, was no longer a part of that organization. A call now was put through to P. J. Boatwright, Dey's successor as high priest of the USGA. Boatwright confirmed Dey's opinion. The tournament committee sadly and finally penalized Smith the three strokes.

Even though his score kept going up and down like a yo-yo, Smith held his poise and, despite the added strokes, finished in a tie for first place. But even the end of the tournament was wreathed with indecision. Because of scheduling conflicts, the playoff for the title did not take place until a couple of weeks later. It went off without incident, poor Smith losing by two strokes to Dick Hendrickson. We hope that during it, Dey and Boatwright were at their phones, on standby.

CONFLICT IN KANSAS

When Ewing Kauffman, owner of the Kansas City Royals, fired Manager Bob Lemon he said part of the reason was Lemon's public reprimand of two of his players in August. "I would have told the press I was just resting them for a while," said Kauffman. He also said he wanted someone younger as manager. Lemon is 52, his replacement, Jack McKeon, is 41.

But Kauffman apparently made his mind up about Lemon back in May, almost three months before the disciplinary incident. The Royals were playing in California, and a Los Angeles paper quoted Lemon as saying, "For the first time I'm glad I'm old. I'm just a couple of years from retirement and I'm going to get out as fast as I can run. I'm going to take my wife and settle on some remote island. I'll buy a little beer bar and just sit there and think. I hope we don't even have any customers."

Kauffman read the story. The Kansas City owner is the epitome of the driving, ambitious executive—positive thinking is his creed—and Lemon's comment jarred him (the manager later said he had not been talking about retiring but only about "what I would like to do when I retire"). Even so, the dismissal seemed arbitrary and illogical, since Lemon's two years as manager were the most successful in the club's history.

One observer suggested the firing was the inevitable result of the conflict between the mechanistic techniques of business management (Kauffman's pharmaceutical company has been extremely successful) and the more casual methods used in baseball. Kauffman favors things like computers and psychological and physical testing. In Lemon, who has been in baseball since he was 17, Kauffman met, if not outright resistance, then at least a lack of understanding and conviction. Exit Bob.

Still, the owner may have opened a can of worms. When he said he wanted a younger man, he motivated the U.S. Department of Labor into wondering whether the Age Discrimination in Employment Act had been violated. A Department of Labor spokesman said, "It is not necessary for Lemon to file a complaint, and he has not done so. We can take action ourselves if we see something. We read of the firing in the papers. It was interesting reading."

WANDERER

There seem to be two particularly noteworthy aspects to the wandering Rick Barry's return to San Francisco and the Golden State Warriors. One is the determination, bordering on obsession, of Owner Franklin Mieuli to get Barry back. Mieuli needs cash at the moment and he could have yielded Barry to the New York Nets for something approaching $1 million. Instead, he has taken on a player with fragile knees and guaranteed him $1,343,000 over the next six years on a no-cut contract. It's an iffy gamble. Equally remarkable is the comment made by Barry, a basketball gypsy who has chased the dollar from team to team and been an inspiration for other players to do the same. At the end of a press conference in San Francisco, Barry said blandly, "The exorbitant salaries for pro basketball players these days is amazing. They're getting out of line."

IBA REPLIES

Henry Iba, the U.S. Olympic basketball coach who was harshly criticized after his team's defeat by the Russians (SCORECARD, Sept. 25), received an apologetic letter from Coach Lefty Driesell of Maryland, one of the critics, saying he had been misquoted. Iba was unmoved. "I told Lefty it had been my experience that newspapermen don't often misquote coaches," he said.

He defended his coaching methods. "There was nothing wrong with our plan," he insisted. "We just played poorly for much of the game. If I had it to do over again, I would play out the three seconds again, even though the game should have been over twice already. There is no way Russia can score in that length of time if the clock is run properly." He said stopwatch timing of the film showed that 4½ seconds elapsed between the pass-in and the basket. He said, too, that instead of getting two seconds back on the clock after they called time, the Russian coaches should have been charged with a technical foul for running on the court to attract the officials' attention. He said further that international rules call for the clock to start at once if you have a man in the circle at the other end of the court, as the Russians did, but the clock did not start. He said the officials had no right to force a U.S. defender to back off from the man passing the ball in, which also occurred. He said the Russian stepped across the line when he threw the ball in. And he said a U.S. defender was knocked to the floor.

For all this, Iba said the success of the American appeal to the Olympic basketball authorities next February depends on the makeup of the board hearing the appeal. "If they're open-minded," he said, "I don't see how in the world they could fail to rule in our favor. But who will be on the board?"

THEY SAID IT

- Toni Fritsch, Austrian-born Dallas Cowboy placekicker: "How much English I have means very small. What means much is that the Cowboys need three points. All I have to know is that I get three points or they say goodby."
- Abe Lemons, Oklahoma City University basketball coach, on college football coaches apologizing about running up high scores: "I thought that's what they were supposed to do. When players shave points, they wind up in jail."
- Jerry McGee, pro golfer, discussing the cutoff figure for 1973 player exemptions: "It will take approximately $41,394.11, but that's just approximately." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 16, 1972

MAD ABOUT THE GAME

Al Kaline was a hero with a homer —until his wild throw lost game

Down, too, though not without a powerful fling, went Mickey Lolich

And up came mustachioed Reliever Rollie Fingers to win for the West.

You could see that they cared, these finalists for baseball's flags, as they leaped and scratched and brawled their way toward the World Series—or oblivion. And salutary as it was to view Pittsburgh and Cincinnati mugging one another for Ohio River bragging rights—not to mention the National League pennant—the fight site in Oakland was equally colorful as the A's struck the first victorious blows for the American League West since the playoffs began four years ago. Well, how could Baltimore keep winning 'em all if they couldn't even whip those old folks from Detroit? Hirsute and extravagantly attired, the A's took advantage of many a Detroit miscue and benefited further from some fine pitching, particularly by John (Blue Moon) Odom, a

There was no disguising the gusto with which baseball's pannant contenders threw themselves—plus a wild bat and a rhubarb or two—into the playoffs

shutout winner in the second game. Shortstop Campy Campaneris also did some pitching in that one, hurling his bat at a Detroit reliever, Lerrin LaGrow, after an inside pitch cracked him on the ankle. Fortunately, Campaneris missed his target. After a bench-emptying melee both he and LaGrow were ejected—the latter not in punishment but to keep him out of harm's way.

CONTINUED

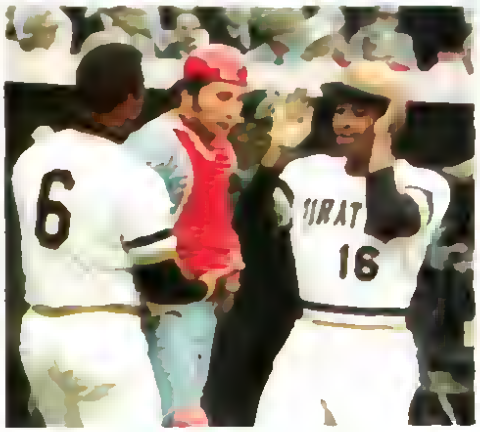
Bert Campaneris was a terror on base and at bat. With a bat, too.

A's Mike Hegan and Dick Williams jumped for Gene Tenace's big run.

The weather was foul and the liner that Cincinnati's Cesar Geronimo ripped over first base in the fourth inning of Saturday's game was, too, ruled Umpire Ken Burkhart as the ball caromed off his backside. "Fair!" screamed Sparky Anderson, kicking dirt on the ump's shoes. The fouls had it: Anderson was tossed out of a game for the first time this season. Trouble was, the Reds hadn't started kicking early enough. In the first inning the Pirates had taken a 3–1 lead and that was all that was necessary as they triumphed 5–1 despite being outhit 8-6. Not to be outdone in first-inning pyrotechnics, next day the Reds went single, single, double, double, double with their first five men, amassing four runs then and there and evening the series with a 5–3 victory as they moved it downstream from Three Rivers Stadium to Cincy's Riverfront. As promised, these were battlegrounds rich enough in talent to constitute a second World Series. And while one could not restrain admiration for Al Oliver's Pirate bat or the headlong swoops and slides of Cincinnati's Pete Rose, there was a special magic in the performance of little Joe Morgan. He alone scored for the Reds in the opener—did it all himself with a first-inning home run. On Sunday he got another—and muffled Pirate threats with dazzling glove work at second base.

—Ron Fimrite

Safe on a blooper past Denis Menke (above), Pirate Rennie Stennett coasted in on homer by Al Oliver (16) and gave him the glad hands.

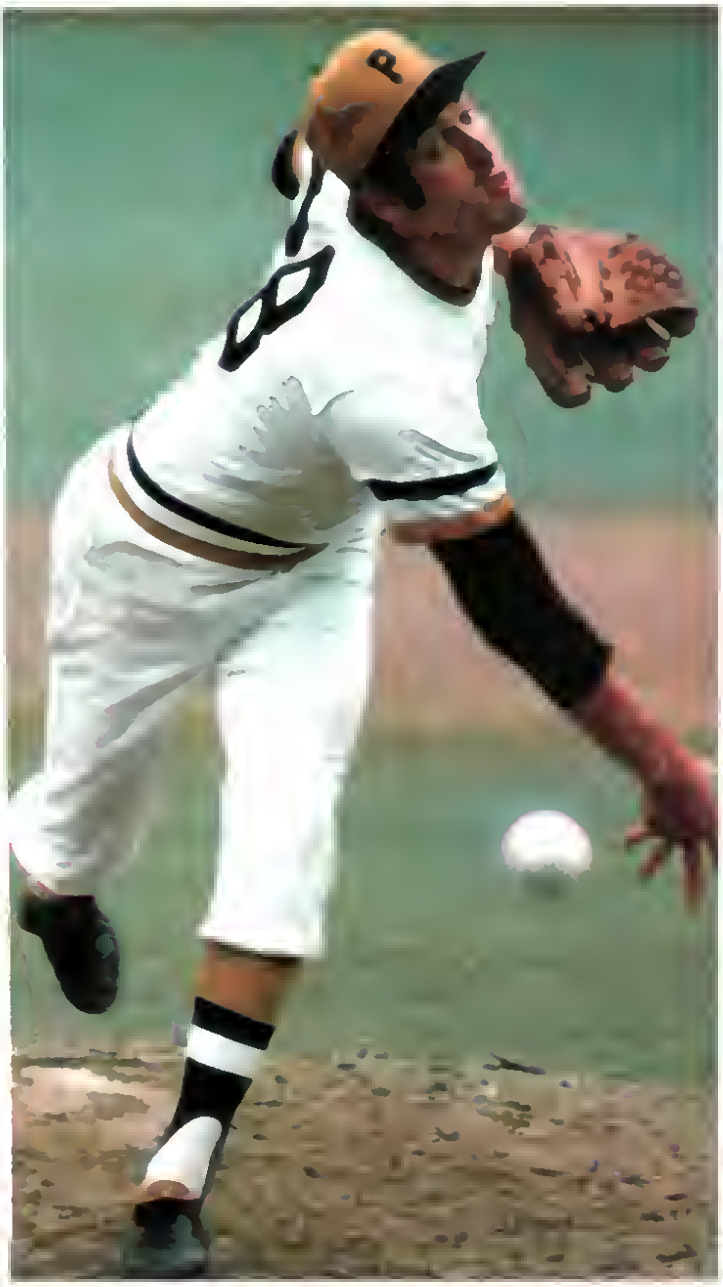


Pete Rose did a diving belly whopper to glove Steve Blese's hot liner.

Upright for a change, Rose patted Joe Morgan after Sunday's homer.

Ump Burkhart wheeled away from Anderson as he thumbed him out.

Bless permitted the Reds some hits but very little on the scoreboard



RUNNING UNDER THE RAINBOW

Outgoing champion Stewart raced through sun, fog and wind to lead incoming champ Fittipaldi to the pot of gold at the end of the Grand Prix

by ROBERT F. JONES

Poised for a fast getaway, Stewart was in, then out, and then back in the pole position.

With whippersnapper Emerson Fittipaldi having already locked up the 1972 world drivers' championship, what was the old champ, Jackie Stewart, doing driving like a man possessed in the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen last week? Well, after a season marked by illness, wrecks, minor mechanical failures that spelled major defeats and the embarrassing sight of Fittipaldi, 25, capturing the title, Stewart was in no mood to go over the hill in the usual sense of the phrase. Instead, he wriggled into his car and graced the flaming autumn ridges of Watkins Glen with a style he has already made legendary on Formula 1 road courses of the world: smooth, swift and unstoppable.

In return for his 22nd Grand Prix win Stewart collected $62,000—the richest prize in all road racing—and he closed in on the records of Juan Manuel Fangio (24 Grands Prix) and the late Jimmy Clark (25) as the winningest driver of all time. Beyond that, on a more visceral level, Stewart underscored his position as the monarch of motor racing. And he had to beat the fog and the rain and the gales to do it.

No sooner had cars and drivers arrived in the colorful hollows of western New York state earlier in the week than a clear, cool Indian summer gave way to leaky skies and a raw, rain-toothed west wind. The gloomy weather fitted the racing prospects: the Brazilian, Fittipaldi, had already collected an unbeatable 61 points (SI, Oct. 2) and although $275,000 in total prize money was yet to be divided, it was up to the purists to stir interest in who would finish second, third and fourth for the year. There were plenty of purists on hand.

These secondary races involved four of the more exciting drivers in the history of the sport—three "old boys" and one "new old boy." Foremost among the oldsters stood Stewart at 33, twice world champion and unequaled among road racers anywhere. Jackie had 36 championship points when he reached The Glen. Another ex-champ, New Zealand's Denis Hulme, the gristly grizzly bear of the sport, brought with him a total of 35 points and a McLaren M19 that was running better every race. In third place with 25 points lay that malefic choirboy, Jacky Ickx out of Belgium via Ferrari, scar-faced but saintly, who had won the German GP and finished high in Argentina, Spain and Monaco. And for the crowd under the clouds at The Glen, a big question was whether Peter Revson could sustain his late-season drive and, with 23 points in hand, edge Ickx out of fourth place to give an American his best finish in the standings since Phil Hill won the world title in 1961.

Revson, who had a brief Formula 1 career in the mid-1960s, came back to Grand Prix racing this season with Team McLaren after becoming the first U.S. driver ever to win the Can-Am championship—and he came back with blood

in bis eye. He had woo the pole at the Canadian Grand Prix last month in Mosport only to ultimately finisb second to Stewart.

"Champagne Peter" was loaded and ready when be went out to qualify before the rains came. Stewart, running the sbortened Elf-Tyrrell that somehow resembles a Roman centurian's helmet, quickly broke his own 1971 lap record of 118.445 mph with a clocking of 120.142 mph. Oh yeah? said Revvy. He took his Yardley-McLaren around the course at a speed so closely ahead of Stewart's that only .789 of a second separated them. Stewart, who had been resting in the paddock while Revson ran—and while his own car was being regeared in the garage area—climbed aboard a bicycle and pedaled back to the pits. "Oh, these churls," he said. "They *will* use special qualifying tires, won't they? I'll just have to go out and convince them. Then again, notice that this is a girl's bike I'm riding. 'Old Lady Stewart' they call me. Just have to show them."

Jackie is still recovering from a bleeding ulcer that took him out of competition for the better part of a month and canceled, perhaps for the best, his Can-Am ride with Team McLaren. That season has been dominated by George Follmer in the Penske L&M Porsche. Now, with his new gears in place and his stomach healing, Stewart went out under the glowering sky and edged Revson for tbe pole by .06 of a second at a new record lap speed of 120.991 mph.

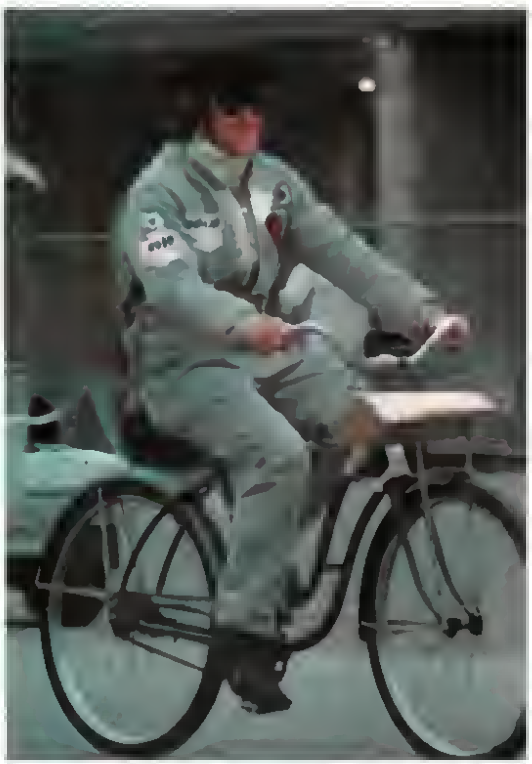
While Stewart and Revson were resolving their duel for the pole, otber drivers went at it: Denny Hulme qualified third, not three-quarters of a mile per hour behind the leaders. Stewart's teammate François Cevert sat fourtb, followed by Argentina's Carlos Reutemann in a Brabham, Clay Regazzoni in a Ferrari, Chris Amon, that winless wonder, in the old Matra-Simca. Fittipaldi, in his black and gold JPS Lotus 72D, failed to find the right setup for qualifying and ended up ninth on the grid. "Is a bit perplexible," he said with his saintly piranha smile. And with that, the rain and fog set in like a soggy haggis while the crowd amused itself by igniting outbouses and attending a "Solid Rock Jesus Concert" or simply mingling. The drivers checked out their rain tires and everyone prayed for the sun.

As if by some cosmic preplanning, the weather cleared for race day—sun and scudding, dark-browed clouds—but the great confrontation between Stewart and Revsoo proved far less spectacular. The Glen course rambles over 3.377 miles of nifty twists, dips and wild turns through tbe bills, and it takes 59 laps to make the 199-plus miles to the finish. Not everybody made it: Revson got clipped by Regazzoni as the pack howled away. One of the wings on Revson's ear was bent and he pitted—just long enough to put him out of contentioo.

Jacky Ickx hung in for a fifth-place finish (and the No. 4 ranking in the final standings). That whippersnapper Fittipaldi dropped out of the race on the 17th lap.

Though Stewart tweaked a few heartstrings among his fans by showing puffs of blue smoke in the early going, his Tyrrell-Ford clearly had the legs of the field. By the halfway mark Jackie had built a half-minute lead over his teammate Cevert and Hulme in the Yardley-McLaren. Then a spattering of rain at the midpoint slowed the cars and spawned a rainbow over the course, a fitting reward for all the gloom of qualifying. And it presented a fitting symbol as well for Stewart's second American victory.

He poured around the course and under the checkered flag at a record average speed of 117.483 mph—more than two miles an hour faster than Cevert's victorious ride for Tyrrell at The Glen last year. As Jackie collected his prize money and adulation in the victory enclosure he showed his only forbearance of the day: he kissed Trophy Queen Ellen Griesedieck as if she were a cousin. And then—with a Scottish twinkle in his eye—he turned Ellen over to runner-up Cevert for Gallic honors. Cevert promptly demonstrated the kiss that made his nation famous and wobbled la Griesedieck's knees in the process. "I think," said Helen Stewart to her husband, "that you put that girl in bad hands." Jackie laughed and went off to count his blessings. **END**



"They call me Old Lady Stewart," Jackie said, pedaling back to the pits on girl's bicycle.

AN ANGRY GIANT ENDS CINDERELLA'S DANCE

For two yeers mighty USC fell under the spell of more glemorous Stenford, but last week its ermy of ethletes rebelled

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

"People talk about philosophies, and about being up and down," said University of Southern California Coach John McKay, "but what is going to happen Saturday is that a lot of young bodies are going to collide."

That is what came to pass in Palo Alto last weekend when USC, ranked first in the nation, met Stanford, the "mystery team" that had beaten USC two years in a row. As 84,000 hollering people looked on, Cardinals and Trojans did fling themselves at each other for 60 solid minutes, and in most cases firm contact was made.

But it was not that simple. If it had been, USC, with probably the finest collection of young football bodies on the American college scene, would have won bigger than 30–21. Other factors—youthful minds, emotions and images, and also old ones—came into play. Because of its unpredictability, Stanford is recognized as "a psychiatrist's dream and a coach's nightmare" in its own press guide. USC has long been a symbol of raw, reliable power, but over the last two years it started to pick up its own strain of mystery-team virus.

The first time Stanford got under USC's skin was in 1970, when, after having lost to the Trojans 12 straight times, Stanford shocked them 24–14. "After five plays," recalls McKay glumly, "we had guys who looked like they'd been hit on the head with a baseball bat. We still don't know what happened." The Trojans had assumed that they were on their way to a fifth straight Rose Bowl appearance that year. Instead they finished 6-4-1, and Stanford, 9-3, took the Roses. Last year both teams repeated those won-lost records exactly, and Stanford won another Rose Bowl after beating Southern Cal 33–18 in what McKay described in all due judiciousness as "the worst game in the history of football."

This year—the Stanford game aside—things have returned to normal for the Trojans. McKay says this team is better than his national champions of '62 and '67 (the tendency toward a five-year cycle will be noted). It has personnel like Kuwait has oil. The offensive line and the secondary are thin, which is to say that they have only one star to each position, but elsewhere the

With joy on his face end revenge in his heert, Mike Rae gives e hendoff to Anthony Davis.

squad includes three standout tailbacks, two brilliant split ends and two quarterbacks who could play for anybody.

The USC wide-receiver corps is a track team: Split End Edesel Garrison might have qualified for the Olympic 400 meters if he had gone out for it, and Flanker Lynn Swann once beat Olympic champion Randy Williams and UCLA's James McAlister in the California state long jump. Outside Linebackers Dale Mitchell and James Sims can run 40 yards in 4.7 and 4.6 seconds respectively. Fourteen different Trojans scored touchdowns in the first four games this year, which USC won by margins of from 21 to 45 points.

Then last Saturday it was Stanford's turn to be overwhelmed, presumably. Stanford was also unbeaten, but not on anything like USC's scale. It had a defense that allowed 35 points to West Virginia the week before and an inconsistent offense with only one real lightning bolt, Running Back John Winesberry, whose ankle turned out to be weak.

And yet Stanford fever came pretty close to infecting the Trojans once again—close enough, at least, to deprive them of any real satisfaction. USC proved it was the better team, but something kept it from playing like the best in the country. The defense held Stanford to minus-16 yards rushing and mostly short pops in the way of completed passes, but the offense lost five fumbles, including one by Rod McNeill on a faulty pitchout at the USC 20 that was recovered in the end zone for a Stanford touchdown.

That gave Stanford a 7–0 lead when the game was barely three minutes old. USC came right back to make it 7–7, Anthony Davis scoring the touchdown on an eight-yard sweep. Even so, it was readily apparent that for the first time this season USC was facing some young bodies it could not overwhelm. The score was still tied (13–13) late in the first half when Stanford tried to punt from its 39. But the snap, as if jet-propelled, soared over the head of Kicker Dave Ottmar and by the time he caught up with the ball he was tackled on his five. It took USC just two darts up the middle by Davis to convert the mistake into a touchdown.

Although Stanford did not collapse after that, neither did it recover. USC moved farther ahead with a field goal in the third quarter and a touchdown with 5:40 remaining in the fourth. Stanford scored again late in the game, making it 30–21, but that was it. The lukewarm victory gave USC the nation's longest unbeaten streak at 10, but in spite of this many of its players were unhappy.

"It was the worst game we've played," said Swann, who caught five passes for 93 yards and a touchdown. "I still don't think we've paid Stanford what we owed them. Two years ago up here their fans and players made very snide remarks, degrading us and our school. The fans did it again this year. There's a changing attitude among college football players today and I don't think those remarks help it along. I don't want to hate anybody."

"I guess they just wanted to beat the bleep out of us," said unimpressed Jack Christiansen when the Stanford coach was asked why he thought USC was trying, unsuccessfully, to pass for a needless extra touchdown in the last 10 seconds.

"They're the worst winners I've come up against," responded McKay, harking back to the previous two years. "They've shown no class against us. I'd like to beat them 2,000 points."

Snideness? Changing attitudes? Coachly spite? What is all this? What has all this to do with good old essential 22-youth collisions? Before the game McNeill stated the central issue involved, from the USC point of view, in this way: "People tend to think of Stanford players as being more intellectual. I don't place much credence in that. But Stanford felt we were nothing but jocks, and when they could beat us at our own specialty that made them *far* more superior than we were."

From the Stanford point of view, the case was stated by a writer in *The Stanford Daily's* Saturday football issue: "Today the Cards host a team that has never been able to keep football in perspective. . . . If they lose, maybe football tradition will die."

Now this would have been a great—and a vague—enough burden on the Trojans even had they been willing to accept the role of standing at Armageddon and battling for the cause of keeping football out of perspective. But the Trojans tend to see themselves differently. McNeill talks about "a new awareness" among football players in general and that includes USC's. "It grew out of the black athlete's troubles," he says, "a feeling of, wow, we're here together, why don't we get to know each other. We've made the coaches here realize that we're not going to play like instruments, that we can't be treated as a mass of athletes. We're individuals, with a diversity of interests ranging to things such as poetry and chess. Guys just enjoy those things for their esthetic value."

Granted, McKay still says things like "Players are in a world of their own. They're all the same. I was the same way. They enjoy ice cream, dances, after-game parties and practice without pads." Granted, USC does not have a players' committee, like Stanford's, which brings to Christiansen's attention matters like "juice bars at practice, or what we should do when we get back Saturday night after a trip." As Split End Miles Moore puts it, USC does not have a place-kicker like Stanford's Rod Garcia, who has shoulder-length hair, who kicked a closing-seconds field goal in last season's astounding Rose Bowl win over Michigan and who, on the other hand, failed on five field goals in last year's astounding loss to San Jose State. Garcia says, at least for purpose of discussion, that "football games are a drag."

Nor by any means does USC have the sort of image worries that Stanford Fullback Reggie Sanderson describes: "People need to build up Stanford as the underdog. We're the Cinderella team that comes from the bottom of the ladder to win. Stanford is what the American way of life is all about—lowly Stanford versus those giants. A guy who thinks he'll never get ahead in life, he says, 'Well, Stanford beat USC yesterday—maybe there's hope for me.' "

"I can't say we've ever played a hell of a game against Stanford," says McKay's chief assistant, Dave Levy. "We've never been able to get our guys to take them seriously." But it seems more likely that USC takes Stanford too seriously. Maybe even McKay, who says, "We've cut out the before-game huddle, where the players jump up and down on top of each other. All they did was step on the coaches' feet," gets too fired up over Stanford.

Fortunately for USC, the only issue involved in the rest of its games this year will be physical, colliding with other flying young bodies. And nobody has bigger, stronger or more capable young bodies than USC. **END**

THE MASTERS IS MADE IN JAPAN

Cameras, TVs, automobiles, why not golf? So said the Heiwa Sogo Bank of Tokyo, which last week staged the $300,000 Taiheiyo Club Masters, won, fittingly, by an Augusta champion, Gay Brewer **by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

Ever since 1945 the Japanese, denied the privilege (and the expense) of preparing for World War III, have worked indefatigably at winning World War II. First came the transistors. Then Nikon. Then stereo. Then Sony. Then Toyota, Datsun and Subaru. Now, abetted as usual by U.S. interests, they have decided to capture golf, partly by seduction and partly by taking another foreign product and doing it better than its inventors. Their chosen instrument is a soon-to-be-refined replica of the Masters championship at Augusta, and they already can boast not one but two Bob Joneses—Robert Trent Jones, that is, and his son Bob Jr., both golf course architects. In fact, the tournament was Bob Jr.'s idea.

The campaigning began last week at the Sohbu Country Club, a Jones-polished, 45-hole spa an hour southeast of Tokyo, in Chiba prefecture. The event was the first Taiheiyo (Pacific) Club Masters championship, and for openers the sponsors put up $300,000 in prize money. This did not make it the first $300,000 tournament—Dow Jones in 1970 was, and everyone knows what happened to the U.S. economy after that—but it offered several things Dow Jones did not: top first-place money of $65,000, no cut after 36 holes, $1,000 for every entrant who finished the 72 holes, $2,000 each day for low score and a $10,000 bonus to anyone who made a hole in one on the 16th. Nor was that all. U.S. pros were promised free transportation from San Francisco to Japan and back for themselves and their wives. Similar offers went to other countries, Australia and England among them. Oh, yes—are you ready for this, golfers? Free hotel, free ground transportation, free meals and free booze also were included. No pearls—but this was only the first year.

Well, Jack Nicklaus wasn't ready for it and neither were Arnold Palmer, Doug Sanders, Bobby Nichols, Bob Charles, Sam Snead, Tommy Aaron, Julius Boros or Frank Beard. No matter. Really. None of these players actually had promised to come, and it is understandable that Taiheiyo, in its enthusiasm, mistook signs of interest for assurances. Anyway, all of these no-shows—even Arnie—are now more famous in Japan than they were before because each had his picture (in color yet) along with a brief biography in the Taiheiyo Masters program. Palmer got even more. The club reproduced his letter of regret, also in color, and slipped it into each program.

If Taiheiyo was dismayed by these postprinting defections, the club was not deterred. Its leaders had one firm promise—Supermex was coming. "Jack Nicklaus is a samurai," one of them told Bob Jr., "but Lee Trevino is a samurai, too." They also had reason to believe that a whole galaxy of slightly lesser U.S. samurais would be on hand.

And they were right, although a good many of the guests were somewhat mystified as to the identity of their host. In Honolulu Bob Rosburg, pausing en route for a couple of practice rounds, said, "I don't quite know what Taiheiyo is. But when the trip is free and everybody who finishes gets $1,000 regardless of his score, this seems like one tournament you can't lose, even if you don't win." One of the mysteries, at least to the Americans, was the fact that the Taiheiyo Club Masters was going to be played at the Sohbu Country Club. Why not at Taiheiyo's own course? Simple: it doesn't have one.

The Taiheiyo Club is in reality one of many financial arms of the Heiwa Sogo Bank. It was organized early this year to develop leisure facilities, not only in Japan but in such distant places as Jakarta, Bangkok and Alaska. Although it still has no golf club of its own in Tokyo, it is building an 18-hole course and marina in Guam and a 36-hole course and marina in Korea. It is also investigating possible investment in existing facilities in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Joneses, *père et fils*, got into the act last March when Taiheiyo consulted them on recommendation of another consortium for whom they had

continued

Women caddies were provided, making one pro ask about the penalty for falling in love

Most of the week the tournament enjoyed large crowds and fair skies (above), but when Typhoon 22 passed nearby, out came the umbrellas.

designed Golf 72 at a mountain resort east of Tokyo. As Bob Jr. remembers it, he said, in effect, "Why don't you start off your program with a bang by staging the biggest and richest golf tournament ever held?"

The Heiwa Sogo Bank gave this a lot of thought—three days' worth, to be precise—and then said yes. Almost before they knew it Bob and Bob Jr. were at work selecting the best 18 of 27 holes that lie on one side of Sohbu's elaborate complex in Chiba. Getting Sohbu was no problem. The bank owns it, too. Sohbu's 2,400 golf-crazy members, whose memberships are currently valued at five million yen (about $16,500) apiece, were more than willing to sacrifice some of their playing time for the glory of it all. In June the Joneses came back to polish the chosen 18 holes. Meanwhile, Taiheiyo emissaries had infiltrated the U.S., notebooks and invitations in hand—even visiting, by God, the Masters itself. If Japan has a national motto, it might well be first do it their way, and then do it right.

Possibly to avoid boring their prospective guests, the Taiheiyo people didn't get into the intricacies of Japanese expansion in their sales talks. They simply stated the Taiheiyo Masters' aims: "To promote international goodwill through the golf tournament, to help promote the golf world, to contribute to improving the art of golf, to work for bringing up the sound rising generation and to resolve a part of income resulting from the golf tournament into the social public." Who could knock that? Taiheiyo also mentioned that His Imperial Highness, Prince Takamatsu, was the club's honorary governor. Has Apawamis got a prince? Has Westchester? Baltusrol? Even Augusta? The Japanese also, naturally enough, mentioned the prizes and the perquisites.

And so it came to pass that on Oct. 1 and 2 Japan Air Lines planes began crossing the Pacific with an array of U.S. pros—Gay Brewer, Bert Yancey, Tom Shaw, Dan Sikes, Billy Casper, Phil Rodgers, Bob Murphy, Orville Moody, Gene Littler, Dave Marr, Homero Blancas, George Archer, Charles Coody, Al Geiberger, Bob Goalby and Ray Floyd, to name a few of the 38. Not to mention some Aussies: Bruce Crampton, Bruce Devlin and a PGA rookie named David Graham, who had won the 1972 Cleveland Open. And wives. And at least one child, Crampton's 3½-year-old towhaired son Jay. But no Trevino.

They landed at Haneda Airport in Tokyo to be greeted by the world's most sulphurous smog, although buses provided by Taiheiyo quickly carried them beyond it to Chiba city. (Except for a very few days of the year residents of the capital of the Land of the Rising Sun have to drive outside Tokyo to make sure the sun is still rising.)

Whatever misgivings the players may have had on the subsequent drive from Chiba to the Sohbu Country Club, a 45-minute ride past seemingly endless construction, interspersed with stores and houses dismally clad in corrugated metal, with only an occasional dusty pagoda roof to remind one that this was indeed Japan, were dissipated by the course itself. The clubhouse is a long, handsome building with a beamed dining room overlooking a fountain and four putting greens. Beyond it lie fairways so carefully nurtured and delicately manicured that they resemble greens on some U.S. courses. Almost without exception the rolling fairways are lined with graceful groves of cedar and pine, and the greens look as velvety as pool tables. Also awaiting the visitors, of course, were Japan's celebrated girl caddies, their heads swathed in the voluminous white scarves that make them look like golfing nuns. After his first practice round Jerry McGee—asked if he minded having a girl transport his clubs—exclaimed, "Mind! Is there a two-stroke penalty for falling in love with your caddie?" An amused onlooker said, "Tomorrow you will see a 50-kilo girl carrying a 17-kilo golf bag for a 100-kilo golfer." (Not so—the girls were allowed to use two-wheeled carts during competition.)

On Tuesday night the Taiheiyo Masters tournament suddenly developed a kind of soap-opera quality—Mexican soap opera, at that. Trevino, poised to leave San Francisco, had been called home to El Paso by the illness of his wife and child. Would he come to Japan? Would he not? There was consternation among the sponsors. Without samurai Supermex, would anybody come to the tournament? As one functionary wistfully remarked, "I am sure Gibby Gilbert is a fine golfer, but he is not exactly a household word in Japan."

Wednesday, a sunlit day with a light breeze, the psychological clouds rolled back, too. Supermex was coming. And early on Thursday, a damp, dark, muggy morning, he was there, his skin a sort of gray-brown from sleeplessness and fatigue, but his red shirt festive and his sudden smile infectious as ever. He attracted most of what gallery there was—perhaps 2,000—as he teed off, attended by red-jacketed officials, green-coated marshals and the girl caddies, flowering now in military-looking, olive-drab uniforms, their scarves replaced by green and white kepis, their hands demurely encased in white gloves. For a man who had never even seen the course, let alone played it, Trevino did well. After a two-over-par 37 on the first nine, he came home in 34—two under—to match the club's 71 par.

Others, however, did better. Phil Rodgers, in with a 66, was asked if the greens were bumpy (there had been a few complaints). "Man," Rodgers said, "I never think they're bumpy when my putts keep rollin' in." Gardner Dickinson, who had a 75, said later, "It's a real good course, but walking from the greens to the next tee is like playing nine extra holes." (Bob Jones conceded that it sometimes was a long trip, the result of choosing the best 18 of 27 and phasing out intervening holes.) Mostly, however, there was praise. Bruce Crampton said, "I wish we could roll these fairways up and take them along with us."

The oppressive Thursday heat presaged a natural phenomenon. On Friday everybody learned that Typhoon No. 22 had hit the tip of the Chiba Peninsula (the Japanese are pragmatic about typhoons—they give them numbers instead of girls' names). Sohbu was only on the fringe of it, but even so the weather was formidable. The winds blew erratically, up to 30 mph, and they brought continuous cold and slashing rain. (A few old Japan hands wondered if Amaterasu-Ohmikami, the sun goddess, had sent a *kamikaze* to repel this latest invasion. Once before this divine wind, which Shinto legend says saved Japan from Mongolian conquest in the 13th century, was delivered at the wrong time, possibly because of bad intelligence. It hit Okinawa on Oct. 2, 1945, and it would have sunk the entire U.S. invasion fleet if the atomic bomb had not intervened.)

Whatever the source of the weather, it sent many scores skyrocketing. Trevino himself had to settle for another par, but a few golfers seemed to thrive

continued

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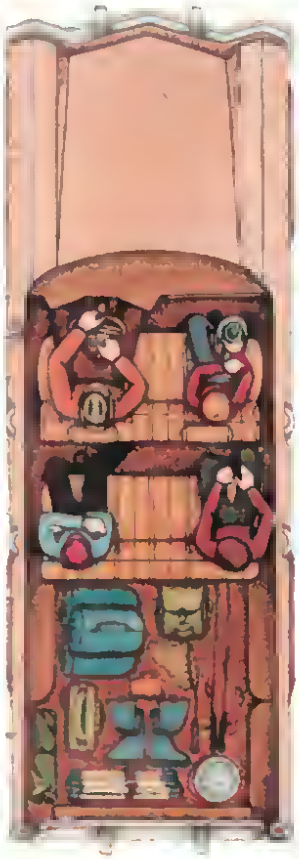

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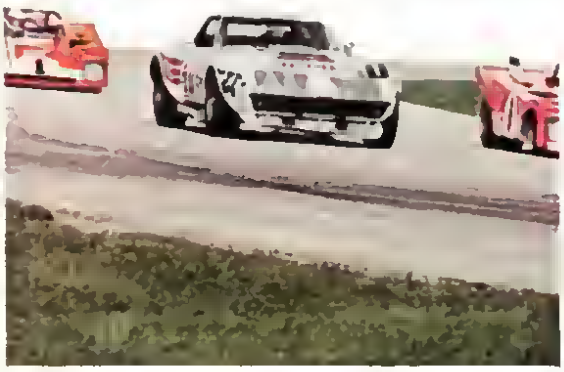

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on adversity—notably that little-known Aussie, David Graham. Graham had shot a 67 on the first day, but it went almost unnoticed. Now, in the wind and rain, he did it again to card a 134 and lead at the halfway mark. Gay Brewer, also obscured but hardly awed by the Trevino melodrama, came in with a 138—an opening-day 67 plus a par 71. Afterward Graham, who is still understandably annoyed that he had to spend two years clearing the PGA school to play in the U.S. despite his status as an Australian-Asian and World Cup star, said, "Remember one thing. It is the players who make these tournaments possible, not the sponsors."

As though to prove that the Pacific Masters can provide any and every kind of weather, Saturday dawned opalescently clear—even in Tokyo. Typhoon No. 22 had blown the smog away and Sohhu glistened under a howl of Maxfield Parrish blue. But about all the good weather proved was that both Graham and Brewer are men for all seasons. Brewer finished at 205, eight under par, and Graham was right behind him at 206. Another Aussie, Graham Marsh, was next at 209. Gene Littler, making a grand recovery from cancer, was tied for fourth at 211.

On Sunday the tournament came down to a battle between the husky, amiable Brewer, who played with implacable solemnity, and the slight, wiry and volatile Graham. The day was sweet and clear as sake as they moved around Sohbu's stately course, even, exchanging the lead, then even again. Coming into 18 they were both eight under, but Brewer had a chance at a $65,000, 10-foot birdie putt. The ball halted two inches from the cup.

The playoff had been advertised as sudden death, but it was death by torture instead, a three-hole playoff over the 16th, 17th and 18th holes. In real sudden death Brewer would have won on 17 when Graham got a bogey, but there was still the 18th, and Brewer once again found himself with a 10-footer for par and the money. For the second time the ball trembled to a halt at the cup's edge. Bogey—and back to 16, this time for the real thing.

The 16th—a 214-yard par 3—requires a carry across a ravine bottomed on the left by a lily pond. Both Brewer and Graham missed the green, but it took Graham three more shots to get down. Brew-

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et chipped stiff to the pin for a par [illegible] and had his biggest pot, plus $2,000 extra won Saturday for low score of the day. Brewer's victory in the 1967 Augusta Masters undoubtedly is still his No. 1 thrill in sports, but Sunday's $67,000 win may seem more memorable to the Internal Revenue Service. No other golfer has ever won as much money in four days. Not many have withstood as much pressure.

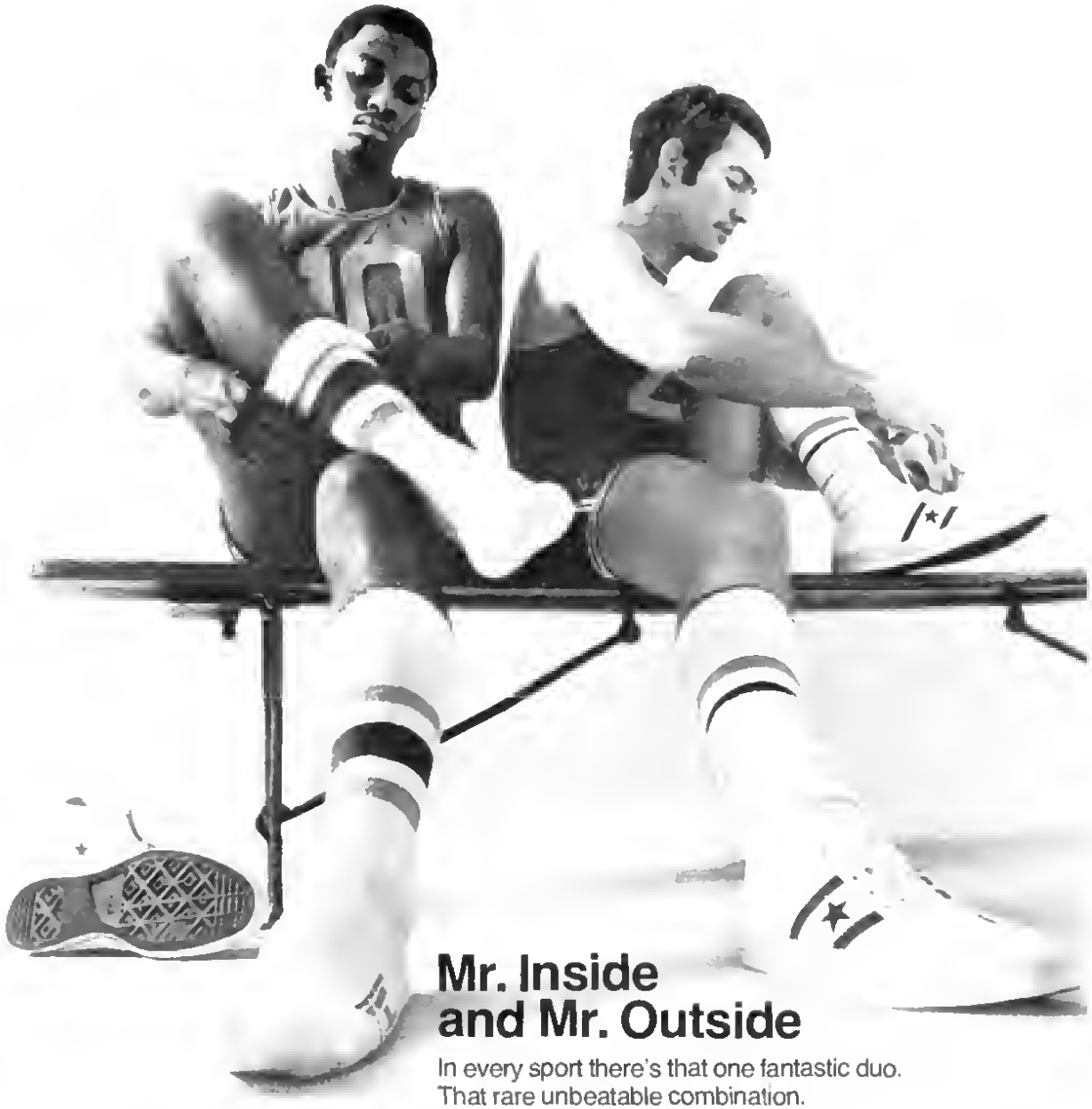
Thus ended the first Pacific Masters and thus began—maybe—a new era. The Taiheiyo Club, which had spent more than $1 million on prizes, preparation of the course and transport, care and feeding of players, was happy. So were about 27,000 Japanese fans who had paid 130 million yen ($433,000) to see the tournament. Taiheiyo saw the deficit as well worthwhile to publicize and establish its local and overseas leisure expansion plans and to bring Japan into the forefront of international golf.

The tournament did one more thing by providing the format from which a genuine international Japanese superstar could emerge. His name is Masashi Ozaki, and he is called Jumbo, not only because he is big and strong and hits the ball like Jack Nicklaus but because he is a superlative golfer from tee to green. "Jumbo can play anywhere—he and Nicklaus would be a hell of a match," Trevino said before leaving. How good is Ozaki really? Well, good enough to beat everybody in the tournament except Brewer, Graham and Charlie Coody.

Unless the Komiyama family, which controls the Heiwa Sogo Bank and its many subsidiaries, has an enormous change of heart, the Pacific Masters is here to stay. After all, they can hardly disappoint the honorary chairman, Prince Takamatsu, can they? Will the foreign players return? Trevino, who finished 12th, told all Japan by radio and on TV that he would come back "to show you why I'm supposed to be one of the world's best players." And as for Gay Brewer, you better believe it.

Is it possible then for the Taiheiyo Masters to become an annual event with the stature of the U.S. Masters? Don't bet against it. Remember Nikon and Sony and Toyota—and perhaps even Wankel, which powers Mazda in Japan and is moving in and up, and giving Detroit new headaches.

Watch out, Augusta. END



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HANDY PAIR OF BRAINY BENGALS

A concert pianist-composer and a computer analyst keep Cincinnati on top of the intellectual league

by RON REID

MIKE REID FEELS THAT HE OFTEN DOES HIS BEST WORK AT THE PIANO AFTER A GAME

Even after television took pro football players out of the Pleistocene Epoch, it remained a recurrent croak that only insensitive louts would earn their daily bread engaging in violent assaults with similar boorish morons who walked on their knuckles, ate anvils for breakfast and had negative numbers where IQ should be. The pro football player was easy to spot out of uniform. At a cocktail party huhhling with sophisticated babble, that slightly desperate, giant-sized garden slug in the background trying to score a few suave points by lifting a Volkswagen onto the coffee table—that was the pro.

That blatant distortion began to wane as the game evolved into the national psychosis it is today. Naturally, for so long as the football Establishment forces the game on us as a quasi-science with enough mysterious jargon to overwhelm every durable cliche—football will always provide a home for the witless. The main difference nowadays is that while a few dummies remain on the field (there also appears to be quite a few in the front office, in the stands and behind the microphones), most players have achieved the status of astute artisans.

No team provides a better case in point than the first-place Cincinnati Bengals, who can boast of having two of the most articulate young athletes in the country: Virgil Carter, a 26-year-old quarterback from Brigham Young, and Mike Reid, a 25-year-old defensive tackle from Penn State. They are no more typical of the player population than are, say, Duane Thomas or Tim Rossovich, but the continuing accumulation of bright examples like Carter and Reid does suggest that modern football demands enough in the way of intelligence to have pretty much eliminated those blighted souls, who must, out of necessity, carry their change in a handkerchief knot.

Carter has set a literal new standard for the shopworn phrase "student of the game," for he is a computer analyst whose diligent research into football has led to findings that dispute some of the most sacrosanct coaching theories. He has taught at Xavier University and has given seminars for the Data Systems Division of the A.O. Smith Corp. of Milwaukee. Unfortunately for his athletic ambition, which is considerable, Carter barely measures out at six feet, and his talent for throwing the long pass is suspect. As a consequence, and despite all his intellectual prowess, Carter has been relegated to second string with the Bengals, even though he had the highest completion average (62.2%) of any NFL quarterback last season, when he was also voted Cincinnati's most valuable player.

But since quarterbacks are supposed to be brainy, Carter is less an affront to the old stereotype than the 6′ 3½″, 255-pound Reid, for whom Beethoven, Brahms and Berlioz are no less important than the blitz. Reid, of course, has long been recognized as a football player who could sit down at the piano and play serious music, the NFL's answer to Schroeder. But Reid is more than a performer; he also is a composer whose varied work has been heard both in the

BUT SOMETIMES HIS HANDS HAVE TAKEN TOO MUCH OF A BEATING FOR HIM TO PLAY

concert hall of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and on the dining room jukebox reposing in the Bengal training camp

Coach Paul Brown has been more than a little vexed that Reid's concert performances sometimes have been followed by waspish reviews in the Cincinnati press. "He sounded good to me," Brown says. "Of course, the reviewers say that he sounds like a football player playing the piano, but I've always wondered what kind of notice Liberace would get playing defensive tackle." Reid undoubtedly appreciates the loyal if somewhat illogical defense by his coach, but it is no less probable that he has agreed with his critics. Like Carter, Reid holds honesty in high esteem, so that a failure in music can be no more denied than a missed tackle—even though he suffers more from a bad concert than a bad football game.

"In pro football," he explained one night last week, "it's easy to be intimidated by the situation. Football players won't say it, but it's fear, and fear drains that natural energy you have to have. That game and the situation—say 80,000 at Cleveland Stadium—are far greater than you are. It's a tough thing to overcome. You have to react as you would in any situation, and that requires knowing yourself. Let's face it, pro football has progressed from a national pastime to a definite part of the American culture. Dealing with that experience, being part of something that 97% of the American public can't do, is different.

"In a concert the real fear is not of making a mistake, but of not being accepted. Essentially you put your head in a guillotine and the public decides whether you keep it or not. When you run the risk of rejection you run the risk of an emotional experience that's tough to deal with. There's a certain anonymity at defensive tackle, and if you play a bad game you have to face the coaching staff, but facing yourself is tougher. Admitting that you played lousy and then deciding to do something about it is easier than a concert, where you're one-on-one with the audience. If a concert turns out to be a disaster, it is also to yourself. It's very hard to accept if you have an involvement in music—and my involvement is so strong it is almost *possession*. I will always write music. Music makes more sense to me than anything else. Music is something that gives my life order."

In that quest Reid shares a perspective with Carter, the analytical Mormon mathematician who started offering up football plays to a computer's peristalsis while he was working on his master's degree at Northwestern in 1970. Carter's wife Judy helped him by coding 8,373 plays from 56 games played during the first half of the 1969 season. On all 8,373 Carter kept track of 53 variables—time, down and distance, weather, playing surface, score and almost every other critical factor save which team puts its pants on two legs at a time. It added up to over 440,000 information tidbits that Carter then fed into the computer. The ensuing print-out, in so many numbers, said that a lot of football's sacred coaching bylaws were really so much bunk.

Among other things, the study showed that in some cases field position was more important than ball possession, and that the laws of probability could determine an offensive team's scoring chance from any spot on the field. Moreover, probability could dictate an expected value to the offensive team's field position, which could be expressed in points.

Thus, possessing the ball between your goal line and your 10-yard line is actually a deficit, worth a probable 1¼ points to the defensive team. The theoretical value for you increases, of course, as you move closer to the opponent's goal line, so that at your 45 your point value is a probable 1½, and it goes up to 2½ at his 45. By his 25 your position is worth 3¾ points, it is

continued

CARTER'S COMPUTER STUDIES SHOW THAT FOOTBALL GOSPEL IS OFTEN JUST CLICHÉ

BENGAL BRAINS *—continued*

4½ at the 15 and more than six inside the 10. (Carter assumed the automatic point-after, and thus rated a touchdown at a full seven points.)

The computer shows, therefore, that it is better strategy to turn over the ball to the opponent inside his 10-yard line, where its expected value to him is negative, than to risk a play that could well backfire and allow him to take over on the 20. In other words, do not try a forward pass into the end zone on fourth down (or a long field goal) unless you are utterly confident of the play succeeding.

Carter's computerized logic thus at once contradicts the reigning philosophy of the kicking game in nearly all its facets, especially the current practice of punting the ball high and straight down the field, so that the coverage can run under it. It is Carter's researched premise that it would be wiser for a team to bring back the nearly defunct coffin-corner kick or, better yet, utilize a little-known—and rarely, if ever, used—rule and let the placement kicker boot it out of bounds inside the five.

"There shouldn't be anything degrading about a punter trying to keep the other team deep in its own territory," Carter explains, "but no one ever seems to practice it. They think it's a 'college' idea or something. But there is a rumor going around the league that they're going to start subtracting 20 yards from a punter's distance when the ball goes into the end zone. If that happens, then you can be sure that they'll start kicking for the sideline."

The Carter computer studies also found that the expected point values (according to field position) remain unchanged, totally independent of whether a drive is long or short, or however it began. For example, if a team racks up seven first downs before reaching the opposition 20-yard line, the probability that it will score a touchdown is no greater or worse than the team that reaches the same spot on a return, one long offensive play or through a turnover. In each case, the touchdown probability is the same. Thus, that hallowed word "momentum," without which no football coach could ever explain victory or defeat, has almost nothing to do with the outcome of a game.

The same can be said for turnovers. Carter discovered that a team's morale suffered not a whit after being scored upon and, amazingly, that a team is actually more likely to score immediately after giving up some points. The computer also indicated that a fumble was more likely to occur on the first or second play in a series but that an interception was more probable after a quarterback had thrown several times.

"Another aspect," Carter said, "is that as you move down the field by passing, your expected gain per pass diminishes because you're running out of field. In running the football, the gains start off low, get higher around the 50, then tail off again. In my interpretation, I believe it's because teams tend to be very conservative at their end of the field, and it's easier for the defense to prohibit them from big gains. But when an offense moves out to the 50, they're more wide open. Even in a running-game offense, you should be just as wide open and versatile at your end of the field as you are in the middle of the field. There really shouldn't be any legitimate reason why you should run conservatively on the 10-yard line."

Carter, however, is not likely to bend Paul Brown's ear with his statistical revelation in order to help in Cincinnati's struggle in the AFC Central Division. For one thing, his study is an illustration of quantitative analysis and therefore makes no allowance for specific individual talents. "If you wanted to use this," he said, "you'd have to tie in your personnel, and then you'd have to adjust it to your desires as a coach. You'd have to interpret it with respect to your own philosophy. A computer will never make coaching decisions. The idea is ridiculous. You're dealing with probability, and you can't assign a number to all probable events. You can't give a number to how players are going to react to their pregame meal. You can't program desire. That's why a coach has to adjust this stuff to his own team."

It is ironic that Carter, having mined his mathematical nuances from the computer, should now be riding the bench while Brown plays Ken Anderson, the Bengals' 23-year-old second-year unknown, who also happens to be a math major. Moreover, one wonders just what Carter would do with his newly discovered football findings if he were playing, since Brown has always called the plays for his quarterbacks.

In fact, Carter has no complaints on that score. "The coaches call the plays and that merely requires me to apply my mental faculties in other ways," he says. "I can't fault the system here. I've heard of other teams where they send the plays in from the bench, and it's a grab-bag approach. Our system is more scientific, and I appreciate that—enough so that I'll forgo any argument about calling my own plays."

continued

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Both Reid and Carter have in common that trait, a willingness to tolerate some measure of personal misery in order to participate in a game that each respects.

"While little things turn me away from football," Reid says, "that five or six hours on Sunday is worth being in it. It's a chance to evaluate yourself—and not many people get that kind of chance in life. After a football game, mentally I'm more alert. I do my best work at the piano after a game. Football is such a game of emotion, but music is nothing more than an expression of emotion." The night after the Bengals lost 27-6 to the Browns in Cleveland Reid worked at the piano for three hours. "What I did at that time made more sense than what I had done earlier in the week," he said.

"Music has never interfered with football, but there have been many cases where football interfered with music—like getting my hands beaten up so badly that I couldn't play. They fight each other sometimes, but in the experience of football, a game, you'll react to that far more emotionally than you will to something like a movie or conversation. It runs deeper. Musically, it's very good to feel that and then try to get it down on paper. That's a real struggle sometimes."

As for defeat, Reid says: "If you maintain the spirit of competition by giving your very best, that's the important thing. If I play across from Larry Little and he turns out to be the better player on that day, I've got only to know that I gave it my best. If you get obsessed with that scoreboard thing, you can go insane. You always want to win, but even in an 0-and-14 year you've got to derive some positive things from the experience."

Reid is similarly forthright about his tastes in music. No classical snob, he is especially zealous in praise of Elton John and calls Randy Newman, a relative unknown, the best pop writer in the business. He has written some pop tunes himself, but found his greatest musical satisfaction last February when the Cincinnati Symphony performed his *Cries of Love and Hate*, a cantata for solo voice, piano and orchestra.

"I enjoy almost any kind of music," Reid says, "provided that it's not just something being done as a commercial gimmick. I know various forms of expression are vital, but there still has to be some kind of order. That's the thing I find irritating about so many avant-garde things, like movies. There seems to be the idea that if it's for the sake of art, any form is good. I find that invalid. I suppose we're struggling to be an intellectual society and that's a hopeless goal for America, because it's just not an intellectual country."

Reid grew up in Altoona, Pa., the product of a family he describes as being neither musical nor athletic, although his older brother, Bill, played the saxophone and his younger brother, Gary, played high school football. Carter also prospered with a small-town upbringing, gleaning countless athletic and scholastic honors in high school at Folsom, Calif. At Brigham Young he majored in statistics, threw 50 touchdown passes and married the homecoming queen. Drafted by the Bears in 1967, Carter made his first pro start the next season, and promptly led the Bears to four consecutive wins before he was sidelined by a fractured ankle. Despite this record, he was sent off to Buffalo, where he stayed for about 20 minutes before landing in Cincinnati in 1970, where, implausibly, he led the newest team in the pros to a division title.

Last season, when Carter missed four games with a left shoulder separation, the Bengals lost six times in the last two minutes by a total of 21 points. Along with a certain amount of frustration, it also provided a new direction for Carter's mathematics muse. "I would really like to take a look at dimensions of scoring differential," he says, "to find out what difference it makes when you're six points ahead, 10 points ahead, three behind, etc. Last year we were ahead a lot of the time but the other team was always within striking distance. I'd like to have some concrete approach to help the guys."

"Virgil," Reid says, "is like my older brother, who seemed to know exactly what the course of his life would be at the age of one. He has a more analytical mind. I can't react to feeding information into a computer. We're mentally complete opposites but I tend to admire those qualities, because I can't match them."

The admiration is no doubt mutual, as both Carter and the computer would be first to say. **END**

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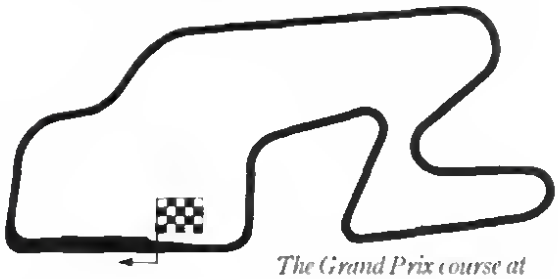
Texaco's Instant Guide

Grand Prix drivers compete on a tour that lasts nearly a year. They travel to many parts of the world in teams of up to 10 men. With as many as 18 Formula I races in 13 different countries on 3 continents, moving the teams' equipment and personnel accounts for over $55,000 annually. A Grand Prix car (Formula I) costs $28,000 to build and its engine an additional $21,000. Since at least 5 engines are needed to keep 2 cars running, the cost of maintenance for a single season can amount to $225,000. This makes Grand Prix racing one of the most expensive sports on earth.

The pit crew behind Team Lotus Winner of 5 World Championships

The big prize at the end of the season for Grand Prix drivers is the "World Championship of Drivers." The winner is determined on a point system based on his finishing position in each race.

Grand Prix events are held on road courses only. The courses range from 1.9 miles at Monaco to the 14.2-mile Nürburgring Course in the Eifel Mountains of West Germany. The course at

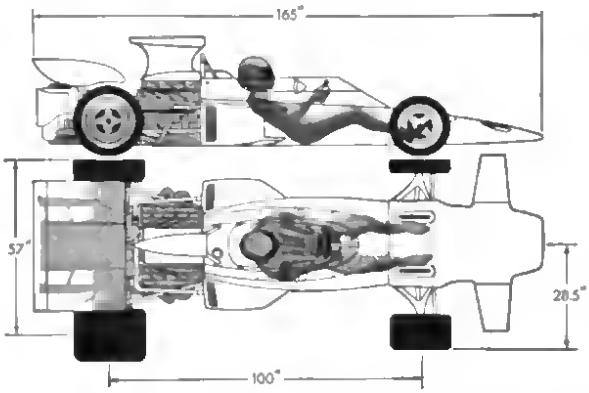


The Grand Prix course at Watkins Glen, New York.

Watkins Glen, New York, is 3.38 miles. In the past it was often criticized for its ancient roadway. But in 1971, with the completion of a $2.6 million renovation program, it's now considered one of the world's best road racing circuits. The American Grand Prix at Watkins Glen offers one of the richest purses in road racing. More than $250,000 with a first prize of $50,000.

to Grand Prix Racing.

The Grand Prix car is the Formula I, an open wheel racer with a single seat in an open cockpit. It's entirely handmade and built to conform to a formula established by the International Automobile Federation. The current formula limits engine size to a displacement of 183 cubic inches or, if the engine is supercharged, to 91.5 cubic inches. Yet its maximum power and rpm's range from 400 at 10,000 to 445 at 11,600.



Formula I. The world's most advanced racing machine.

The driver wears a fire-resistant asbestos suit to protect him from the fuel tanks that surround the cockpit. Because the cockpit is so narrow, he must recline rather than sit. A six-point safety harness secures him in position. Facing him is a wide range of instruments and a tiny 11" diameter steering wheel. The gear lever is to his right. Behind his head, a fiberglass rest partially encloses the roll-over bar. An air-scoop above feeds the injection trumpets of the engine.

Racing regulations require that every Formula I must run on gasoline commercially available in the country where the car is built. Since no pit stops are made for refueling in Grand Prix racing, the tank is slightly larger (42-50 gallons) than in other racing machines.

Texaco furnishes the fuels and lubricants for Emerson Fittipaldi's Formula I in every Grand Prix event. His Formula I is powered by 101 octane fuel. The engine is protected by Texaco Havoline 20W-50 — an all-temperature motor oil formulated to prevent engine wear, engine deposits, and rust. The same technical skill that goes into these racing products goes into the Texaco gasolines and Havoline motor oil available at thousands of Texaco stations in all 50 states.

This is Emerson Fittipaldi, winner of the world drivers' championship, in his Texaco-fueled Formula I.

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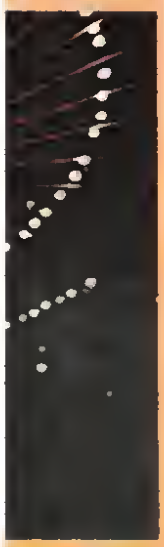
Turning All the Glitter To Gold

This was the Los Angeles Lakers a team of many coaches, multistars, manic hopes--and no titles They were pro basketball's perpetual heirs apparent. They were clearly over the hill when last season started, but they were just as clearly the division champs when it was over, winning more games than any predecessor. Then in the playoffs—scene of those old familiar failures they won it all This ascension was inspired by a demanding new coach and led by new stars, the night Elgin Baylor retired, young Jim McMillian (at right) became a starter and Los Angeles began a procession of 33 consecutive wins Most of the oldtime heroes like Wilt Chamberlain, Jerry West and the others on the pages that ensue are still around, and now they must defend their championship Sure enough, three strong potential spoilers await them right in their own backyard The prospects for the Super-Pacific and scouting reports on all the pro teams of both leagues start on page 59, followed by an introduction to a new member of basketball's business hierarchy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.

LAKERS
5

MILWAUKEE
1



The shining success of the Lakers' fast break is mirrored in a playoff win over Milwaukee. Dashing downcourt in textbook-perfect alignment, West dribbles through the middle as Goodrich and McMillian fill the outside lanes. Rebounders Chamberlain and Hairston trail behind after Wilt set up the play with a crisp outlet pass. Other breakaways resulted from larcenous defense by West, who stole the show from Oscar Robertson. The Lakers' race to the title bathed The Forum in gold and left Sharman speechless. He futilely tried a bullhorn, but it was the championship that spoke loudest for him.

TAPP

SUPER DIVISION

First West, Then the Rest

In the National Basketball Association's 26 seasons rarely has a division brought together as many strong teams as the Pacific will this year. To appreciate just how tough things are on the West Coast, consider the plight of the Lakers. Los Angeles lost only 13 games last season, it easily won the playoffs even though Jerry West had misplaced his shooting touch and Coach Bill Sharman his voice—and it should be every bit as powerful again. So the invincible Lakers will run away from the rest of the division to another NBA championship, right? Not exactly. Los Angeles may well be the big winner once more, but no one between Tempe and Tacoma will be unduly startled if the Lakers are not. That is a measure of just how strong the other contenders are—Phoenix, Golden State and Seattle—in the Super Division.

The concentration of all that power in the Pacific is merely the culmination of a two-year westward swing in the NBA. In the last two final-round playoffs, Easterners have won only one game—and coaches of teams both East and West are forecasting that six of the eight best records this season will be compiled by Western Conference clubs. Two of them, Milwaukee and Chicago, are members of the Midwest Division, but they will have considerable impact on play in the Pacific.

In the first two seasons of the current four-division alignment, NBA rules automatically qualified the first and second finishers in each division for the playoffs. This year only divisional winners are guaranteed playoff spots. Within each conference, the remaining two playoff places will go to the teams with the next-best percentages regardless of the division in which they play. In theory this could alleviate the Pacific jam-up by permitting three from this Super Division to participate in postseason games, but probably only in theory. The Bucks and Bulls finished with the second- and third-best records in the NBA last year and should do as well this time, thus securing playoff berths.

So Pacific teams will be forced to try to end up at least in second place. And to finish *second* on the Coast may require a record superior to that of any team east of the Mississippi. This will provide a bonus for fans since all games, particularly the intradivisional ones, will be important. For players and coaches it will mean not only getting up for the big ones, but also not letting down for the little ones. Midwinter losses on Tuesday nights in Omaha and San Antonio could turn out to be pivotal.

One big Pacific pivotal point plays the pivot for Los Angeles, Wilt Chamberlain (*see cover*). The Lakers had superior talent and coaching last season, but equally important was their health and happiness. Before this season opened the Lakers seemed to have less of both. Los Angeles players began fighting with Owner Jack Kent Cooke at a less than triumphant victory celebration after the playoffs last spring, and the battle continued with Chamberlain leading the charge. He wanted to renegotiate his contract, claiming that the raise included in the one he signed last year was limited by the wage controls then in effect. Cooke at first was unsympathetic to Chamberlain's demands and told his center to bargain with new General Manager Pete Newell the way the rest of the players do. But early this week Cooke said it was all a misunderstanding and announced Chamberlain's signing on undisclosed terms. The hassling had kept Chamberlain out of Los Angeles exhibition games and raised doubts—despite summer volleyball—about his physical condition. It also left alive the question: Will Wilt approach this year with the same spirit of cooperation that led to last year's championship?

Another disgruntled Laker is Forward Un-Happy Hairston. Of all Los Angeles players, Hairston modified his style the most to accommodate Sharman's running game. Instead of sprinting off to play offense he became a tireless defensive rebounder and, with Wilt, gave the Lakers the strongest board work—and one of the best fast breaks—in the league. Hairston also wanted to renegotiate his contract but the Lakers, although they had already modified one for Gail Goodrich, said that it was against team policy. Bargaining continues.

Last season Laker starters missed only nine games—Los Angeles lost three of them—but that number should be exceeded in the first three weeks this year. Goodrich, the team's leading scorer, is out with a deep stomach and groin pull. Fortunately for Sharman, Goodrich is probably the easiest starter to replace. Pat Riley, also an accurate jump-shooter, and Walt Frazier-like rookie Jim Price from Louisville will fill Goodrich's playing time. The loss of his scoring should be taken up by higher production from West, who did sign a new contract (for $300,000 per year), and Forward Jim McMillian. McMillian's subtle head, hip and shoulder fakes are often not noticeable from the stands, but they catch the eye of defenders just enough to make him one of the best baseline players in the pros.

Sharman spent five weeks during the summer without speaking a word and he now talks from far down in his stomach to protect his ulcerated vocal cords. Dorothy Sharman describes her husband's new voice as "sexier." His players may find it persuasive in a different way. Sharman's hardest task will be making sure that off-season disgruntlement does not turn into regular-season disintegration.

Bill van Breda Kolff is another old voice speaking in a new way. When Butch

continued

Leading comfortably, Sharman, Chamberlain, Assistant Coach K. C. Jones and West relax as the subs polish off a playoff win. Otherwise, the Lakers rarely relaxed; they practiced so often that their warmup suits (below) became all-day attire on the road.

quit the Pistons early last season he complained about the players and fans, and indicated he was leaving the game for good. Now he is back coaching at Phoenix where the crowds are well-behaved and the players make this the land of the Rising Suns.

The shooting star in this solar system is Charlie Scott, who jumped from the ABA late last year and averaged 18.8 points in his six appearances with Phoenix. Scott is a supertall (6′6″) guard, and his speed and jumping ability are equally outsized. When he was in the ABA the book on Scott was that he only could drive to his left; the book is now being rewritten. Either way, Charlie heads up one of the strongest guard corps in the league, including starter Dick Van Arsdale and subs Mo Layton and Clem Haskins.

For the right to sign Scott, the Suns sent Forward Paul Silas to Boston. Silas was an exceptional defender, rebounder and leader! Suns rookie Corky Calhoun will only replace his defensive ability. Former Bullet Gus Johnson is attempting a comeback on his often-injured legs and if he progresses well enough for the Suns to carry him as a substitute during the year, he and flashy Connie Hawkins and steady Center Neal Walk could persuade Phoenix fans to forget Silas' rebounding as well.

Center Nate Thurmond and 6′10″ Forward Clyde Lee make rebounding a Warrior strength. Thurmond also shores up Golden State's defense by playing the league's two top centers, Chamberlain and Abdul-Jabbar, better than they play each other. The Warriors have strong shooters in Cazzie Russell and Jeff Mullins. Last season Golden State finished second in the Pacific because of two new assets: Al Attles stopped playing to concentrate on coaching and proved he is excellent at it, and the Warriors finally found a floor leader in Jim Barnett. Still, Owner Franklin Mieuli was dissatisfied. He continued his relentless quest for wayward Warrior Rick Barry, and for a time it seemed that Barry would be happy to leave the ABA Nets to return to the Bay Area. In June a court ordered him to honor an old contract with Mieuli and by early August it was reported the two had made a deal. Then Barry suddenly announced he would quit basketball and pursue a TV career if Mieuli did not allow him to stay with the Nets. Typically, Mieuli did not give in. Shortly before the start of the season, he flew to New York for more bargaining with Barry. "I'm going to get my boy," he said as he headed East. And he did just that. With Barry, the Warriors will be contenders for the NBA title as well as the division's.

In Seattle, there are enough interleague transfers for the Sonics to be known aptly as the ABA All-Star team. New Coach Tom Nissalke was Coach of the Year last season with the ABA Chaps. Three of his players—Spencer Haywood, John Brisker and Jim McDaniels—have followed similar routes to the NBA. Haywood and Brisker are both explosive forwards, but McDaniels appears to be out of his league. He is too slow to play defense at forward and not rugged enough to rebound at center. At one point the Sonics tried unsuccessfully to deal him and his $1.5 million contract back to the ABA Cougars from whence he jumped. Throughout the exhibition season there has been speculation among NBA coaches that Nissalke's best center is Haywood, not McDaniels. Playing Spencer there would also open more playing time for strong cornerman Garfield Heard and rookie Bud Stallworth.

Seattle is deep at guard with Dick Snyder, Lee Winfield, Butch Beard and Fred Brown, a rookie disappointment last season who shed 20 pounds during the summer and directed the Sonics well in exhibitions. But the team's best backcourt man is gone. The trade of former player-coach Lenny Wilkens, who was popular with Sonics players and fans, was an obvious attempt to strengthen Nissalke's hand, but it surely weakened his team on the floor. Seattle is talented but young and needs a steadying influence like Wilkens. If one of the younger guards matures to fill that role, the Sonics would boom. More likely, they will be the first of the Pacific's strong foursome to fall from playoff contention.

The only noncontender in the division is Portland, but the Trail Blazers will improve. They now have stable coaching from Jack McCloskey, late of Wake Forest, who should be able to evoke mutual recognition on the floor from Guard Geoff Petrie and Forward Sidney Wicks, Rookies of the Year for Portland the past two seasons. The Blazers have a promising new center, but not the one they planned on. They picked Loyola of Chicago's skinny, 6′11″ LaRue Martin first in the draft and paid him $900,000, even though the highest offer from the ABA was $700,000 less. He is now second string while third-round draftee 6′8″ Lloyd Neal, a heavier and cheaper man from Tennessee State, will start.

NBA MIDWEST

Kareem of the Crop

Even though the Milwaukee Bucks did not win the NBA title last season, this was a pleasant summer for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Shortly after the loss to the Lakers in the playoffs, he became the father of a daughter, named her Habiba and learned how to change diapers. Abdul-Jabbar also studied Arabic at Harvard, where he was pleased that only a few fellow scholars gave him a second glance or made those inane comments about his height. And there was one more cheerful item: he signed a new, four-year contract, thereby making the Bucks one of the perennial favorites to win the NBA championship over the next four years.

The contract, Kareem says, "worked out to be a good thing." It did, indeed. Abdul-Jabbar now earns somewhere between $300,000 and $500,000 a year, and he is worth it. Further, by ensuring Kareem's presence, the Bucks perked up the drive to build a new home arena.

The Bucks pulled off another coup of sorts by drafting and signing two playable rookies, 6′ 6″ Chuck Terry and Guard Russell Lee. Otherwise, Milwaukee will be the same team that lost just 19 games last season. The Bucks should easily win the division, but their chances for an NBA title may depend on whether Oscar Robertson remembers to shoot more and aggressive young Forward Curtis Perry fouls less.

The Bucks also have the NBA draft rights to Julius Erving who, some scouts think, is at *worst* the best offensive forward since Elgin Baylor. Erving is likely to return to the ABA, but the courts could still assign him to Milwaukee. "If they put him on the Bucks, this is going to be the most boring league ever," says Chicago Coach Dick Motta.

Boring—and goring—opponents has been the methodical Bulls' style the past two years: they ground down enough teams to amass the league's third-best record. Under the new selection system, the Bulls will need to be just as unbending this season to make the playoffs—which they probably will be.

Motta is solid at guard with Jerry Sloan and Norm Van Lier, backed up by the NBA's best substitute backcourtman, Bob Weiss. He is rich at forward with starters Bob Love and Chet Walker, swingman Sloan and improved reserves Kennedy McIntosh and Howard Porter. But the Bulls have an unexpected problem at center. Tireless worker Clifford Ray is a strong defender and rebounder but hurts Chicago by putting himself out of games on fouls. That would not be too serious a problem if the other center, Tom Boerwinkle, were healthy. Boerwinkle helps the offense with his 270-pound picks, but he has an injured knee and Motta is worried.

Detroit also has a center problem. Bob Lanier is superb on offense (26 PPG), but the Pistons finished next to last in defense largely because he was unable to seal off the middle of the court. To correct that, Coach Earl Lloyd hired Bill Russell (fee reportedly $1 000 a day) as a preseason instructor. If Lanier absorbed even a few of the old master's stratagems, the Pistons will improve over last year's 26 wins. Detroit should be better at guard as well, with Dave Bing recovered from a detached retina. He is joined by Stu Lantz, obtained from Houston in trade for Jimmy Walker. Lantz' talent at playing without the ball should make him more compatible with Bing than Walker was. The Pistons need another good forward to go along with workmanlike Curtis Rowe, but, even if they find one, the Pistons' defense probably will not be good enough to allow them to make the playoffs.

Playoffs are not even on the mind of Bob Cousy, coach of the Kansas City-Omaha Kings (formerly Cincinnati Royals). "All we realistically are looking for is a little sign of progress here, a bit of improvement there," Cooz says. He thought he had just what he was after in talented Forward Ken Durrett, who missed all but 233 minutes of his rookie season with a knee injury. But then Durrett was reinjured, and Cousy is left with only two top players, swingman Tom Van Arsdale and Guard Nate (Tiny) Archibald. Tiny is listed at 6′ 1″, 150 pounds, is really about 5′ 10″ and plays as if he were 10 feet tall. After not being selected for the All-Star Game, he took the slight out on the rest of the league and proceeded to average 33.8 points. Most of his scores came on flying forays past the big men for close-in baskets. That is apparently just the kind of excitement the fans in the team's new cities are looking for. Preseason ticket sales have already put more money in the Kings' treasury than they earned in gate receipts all last year in Cincy.

CONTINUED

NBA CENTRAL

Field a Team, Win a Title

At least things are moving in the right direction. The Central Division used to be known as the Land of the Invisible Teams. In its first two seasons, only Baltimore won more games than it lost. This season the improved Centralists should be easier to locate in the standings, but that does not mean the division has entirely lost its old aura. The out-of-sight teams have been supplanted by *players* who are hard to find. With only a few days remaining before their openings games, Atlanta, Baltimore and Cleveland all had important performers who might—or might not—be around when the race gets under way. The Central championship could be decided by which team's wandering star turns out to be the least invisible man.

Only Houston played its exhibition schedule with a full complement of personnel. That is understandable since the Rockets are competing in Central for the first time and they have yet to get the hang of how things are done in the Dinghat Division. The Rockets put together an impressive string of exhibition victories, including one by 46 points, and they seemed primed for a fast getaway in a slow-starting race.

A strong opening month would be a decided change for Houston, which began last season with a 3-17 record. "It didn't bother me too much," says Coach Tex Winter, now starting his second year. "Most of those losses were narrow ones and we were using a lot of young players and an unfamiliar offense."

The Rockets learned well. Excluding their first 20 games, their record was .500 and the tough incubation period turned four players, Guards Calvin Murphy and Mike Newlin and Forwards Rudy Tomjanovich and Cliff Meely, into solid pros. Trades have brought in a pair of All-Stars to lead them. After playing second fiddle to Dave Bing in Detroit, Jimmy Walker now has a team of his own to run. And run it he did in the exhibitions, with extraordinary passing on the fast break and vocal floor leadership. Most of Walker's passes went to Jack Marin, the 22 point scorer from Baltimore the Rockets received in exchange for Elvin Hayes.

The arrival of Hayes in Baltimore caused almost as much speculation as the nonarrival of Guard Archie Clark, who more than replaced Earl Monroe with his 25-point average last year. Clark spent the exhibition season holding out for a paltry $200,000 raise. Without him, Baltimore will still contend for the division title, with him, the Bullets could be one of the finest NBA teams.

Just how fine will depend on the play of Hayes. Combining Elvin with Wes Unseld (they will line up in a double post on offense with Unseld usually playing center on defense) gives Coach Gene Shue the best rebounding in the league. He will take advantage of it by playing three guards with his two big men and fast-breaking quickly. Hayes' exhibition performances indicated the plan might work: he scrambled, defended and, most importantly, shot jumpers only from his most productive spots.

A different sort of problem has afflicted Atlanta for two seasons. The Hawks had talent—Pete Maravich, Lou Hudson, Herm Gilliam and Walter Bellamy—but very few wins. They should improve if for no other reason than that Maravich is not suffering from mononucleosis and its aftereffects as he did last season. But Atlanta's chances of reaching the playoffs rest with two new Hawks. One of them is Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, who may have more success motivating Atlanta with his disciplined approach than Coach-turned-General Manager Richie Guerin did with his hellfire style.

The other unknown factor is Julius Erving, who showed up in Atlanta's training camp complete with his pizza-pie-sized hands and his reverse slam dunk—even though he was still under contract to the ABA's Squires. He then played spectacularly in several exhibitions despite a decision by the NBA board of governors that if Erving played in the NBA he had to do it for the Milwaukee Bucks, who had drafted him. A judge has since ordered him back to Virginia, but the Hawks are appealing.

The last of the Central Division's question-mark stars is Lenny Wilkens. The best left hand in basketball was traded to the Cleveland Cavaliers from Seattle where he had been the player-coach as recently as four months ago. And if the reluctant Wilkens decides to play, Cleveland, the laugh sensation of two years ago, will be considerably less comic.

NBA ATLANTIC

Three Clubs vs. One Kneecap

The division championship hinges more on the condition of Willis Reed's left knee than on the talent of all the other teams. Boston has plenty of talent. So does Buffalo. Philadelphia has a little—but New York ought to be the team to beat once again if Reed returns to form after an operation to repair a severe case of tendinitis. He managed, painfully, to appear in only 11 games last year forcing Coach Red Holzman to adopt an offense that allowed Jerry Lucas to roam free while Walt Frazier did the penetrating, and the smart, veteran Knicks adjusted. Now they should be able to revert to a closer-range offense built around a sound Reed. That would make the team as potent as it was in 1969–70. All this plus a healthy-looking Earl Monroe, slim and agile again. The Pearl has had a year to adapt to the Knick style and concede he must often play without the ball. The rookies—Henry Bibby, a well-schooled, accurate and quick-shooting guard from UCLA; Forward Tom Riker; and promising back-up Center John Gianelli—are less important in this year's title bid. If the Knicks do it again, it will be the old men who do it.

In Boston, one newcomer will have a lot to say about the Celtics' defense of the division title. Paul Silas, acquired in the Charlie Scott deal, gives Boston the power and offensive rebounding missing last year. "We already had quickness," says Coach Tommy Heinsohn, "but some of our opponents tried to outmuscle us." Paul's presence has given the other forwards a bad case of Silasitis. Steve Kuberski's starting job is threatened and Don Nelson started hustling so hard that he got a standing ovation from his teammates as he rushed down the court at full speed during a practice. Another addition to the squad, rookie Guard Paul Westphal from USC, suffered torn ligaments in his left knee last winter, underwent surgery and was questionable at draft time. But now he is progressing well enough to justify General Manager Red Auerbach's enthusiasm, and will spell the aging Hambone Williams as first replacement. John Havlicek, recently signed to a new contract making him the highest-paid Celtic in history, may see more time in the backcourt than usual, along with sharpshooting Jo Jo White and Don Chaney. Collectively, Heinsohn couldn't ask for much more to complement Center Dave Cowens, who does as well against the league's giants as anyone 6′ 9″ could.

The Buffalo Braves are not likely to finish higher than third, but may be the team of the future. Coach Jack Ramsay brings stability and teaching expertise to a club that has had three coaches, two owners, two publicity men, two trainers and two controllers in less than three years. Ramsay arrived with the assignment of building a champion around the defensive talents of 7′ sophomore Center Elmore Smith, and he started early, scheduling 20 "voluntary" practices over the summer. Each Thursday Ramsay abandoned his beloved surfboard and flew to Buffalo from his summer home on the Jersey shore. "Last season I didn't know if I was a forward, guard or center," Smith says. "We've got a system now. My job is to help other people score." Among the other people is impressive 6′ 9″ rookie Bob McAdoo from North Carolina. Add 6′ 8″ Bob Kauffman, and the Braves have one of the tallest front lines in the game. At guard is Abdul Rahman (a.k.a. Walt Hazzard), always an able floor leader who was often accused of lacking stamina. This summer he tried a distance-running program at UCLA—the same program that helped Laker Gail Goodrich last year. Under the new playoff system the Braves could go far, fulfilling their promise as the best expansion team three years ago.

As for expansion teams, the established Philadelphia 76ers look just like one. Having lost Billy Cunningham to the ABA, the best thing rookie Coach Roy Rubin can say is that "adversity brings guys together." And he says it over and over. The next best thing he can do is to endure and hope that the draft will serve the 76ers better next year than it has in the recent past. "I have to play this year with what I *have* this year," Rubin says. That includes Dennis Awtrey, Bill Bridges, John Block, Fred (Mad Dog) Carter and elderly Hal Greer, to name a few of the crew. Coach Rubin adds, cheerfully, that he has enjoyed every job that he's ever had. That record is in jeopardy.

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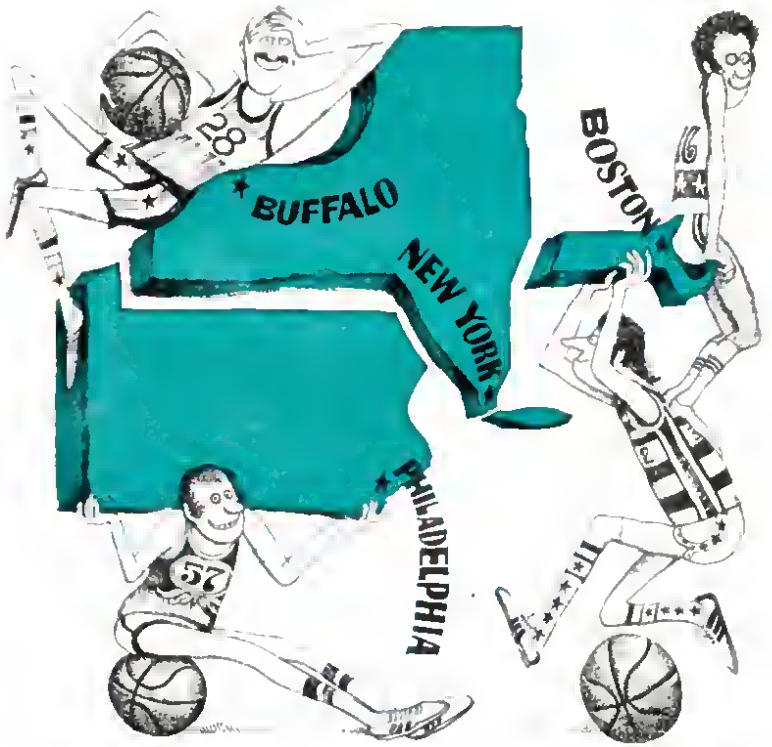

ABA WEST

A New Team, an Old Story

Last season was an ironic one for the Indiana Pacers. They had a center weakened by illness. There was dissension. They had rookies who played too often to suit the veterans. There were tall guards who were too slow and fast guards who were too short. All year long Coach Slick Leonard bubbled away at a rapid boil. Still, the Pacers came from out of nowhere to become the first team to win two American Basketball Association championships.

This year Indiana has removed the causes of discontent while remarkably improving its guard corps. The rookies have matured rapidly and Pivotman Mel Daniels is healthy again and full of the special competitive energy that has twice made him the ABA's Most Valuable Player. Yet irony could catch up with the Pacers again. Their added strength makes them the favorite for another title—but only if they can outlast the Utah Stars to win the Western Division.

Former Pacer Forward Bob Netolicky and Guard Rick Mount are gone. They took the bulk of Indiana's unhappiness with them and in exchange for Neto the Pacers received 6′ 3″ All-League backcourt man Donnie Freeman. In other times in other cities, Freeman has been rapped as a malingerer, but he may have erased that reputation for good last year in Dallas when he shot the Chaparrals into the playoffs and finished with a 24-point average. This year, Freeman says, "I'll be doing a lot of other things." Hopefully one of the other things will be passing to the Pacers' other good shooters, Daniels and Roger Brown, who returns to forward after last year's unfortunate experiment at guard, scoring backcourt men Freddie Lewis and Bill Keller, and second-year frontliners George McGinnis and Darnell Hillman. College dropout McGinnis this fall seems ready to graduate to the all-ABA team, while Hillman has improved his shooting and will play both forward and center.

The Stars will have to learn to run again before they go jumping with the Pacers. Center Zelmo Beaty underwent knee surgery during the off-season, but still suffers from arthritis in both knees. Willie Wise, the ABA's best all-round forward, also has all manner of spurs, lumps, bumps and bruises in both legs. "The top half of my body is 25," he says, "but I've got the bottom half of an 80-year-old." Wise added a 23.2 scoring average to his already impeccable defensive play last year. If Beaty or Wise is at less than full effectiveness, the Stars will not be able to stay with Indiana. A fit Utah, however, should be better than it was a year ago when it led the Pacers by 13 games during the regular season before losing to them in a seven-game playoff. Often-injured Merv Jackson came to the Stars' camp healthy and heavier. He gives Utah another accomplished ball handler and superior defensive guard to go along with smooth Jimmy Jones.

The Western Division's three other teams should finish well behind the two title contenders. In Denver, tough General Manager-Coach Alex Hannum needed only one season to return the Rockets to the playoffs. This progress will continue, slowly but steadily, largely because of the maturing of young Guard Ralph Simpson. When the Floridian and Pittsburgh franchises were dropped, the players were redistributed to the remaining clubs through a special draft and Denver picked the plum of the Floridians in rugged Warren Jabali (a.k.a. Warren Armstrong). With Jabali to feed him, Simpson could become the league's top scorer.

Last season Dallas pulled a shocker by finishing fast to earn third place and a .500 record. Unfortunately for Chaparral fans a reoccurrence is not likely. Netolicky, who will play center, joins good old Chaps Rich and Steve Jones. Unhappily, Dallas Vice-President Joe Geary stirred racial tension by asserting the team needs more whites. The embers of that remark may smolder all season.

This situation may give San Diego's expansion Conquistadors (nicknamed Q's at the behest of newspaper headline writers) a shot at a playoff spot in their first season. Coach K.C. Jones has a former and the current holder of the league single-game scoring record on his roster. Forward Stew Johnson once pumped in 62 points for Pittsburgh, and last season Guard Larry Miller scored 67 for Carolina. Even with that kind of firepower, ex-Celtic Jones' concentration predictably will be on defense. If the Conquistadors learn their cues properly, they could win as many as 30 games.

CONTINUED

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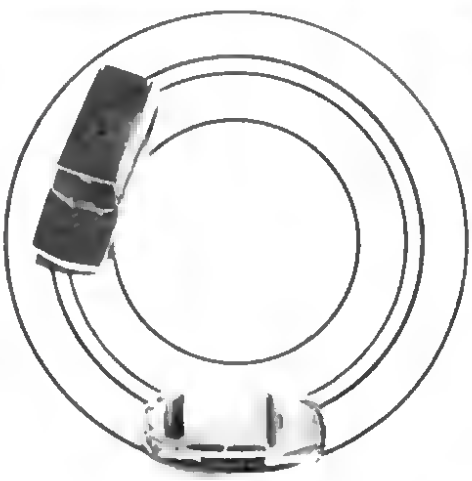
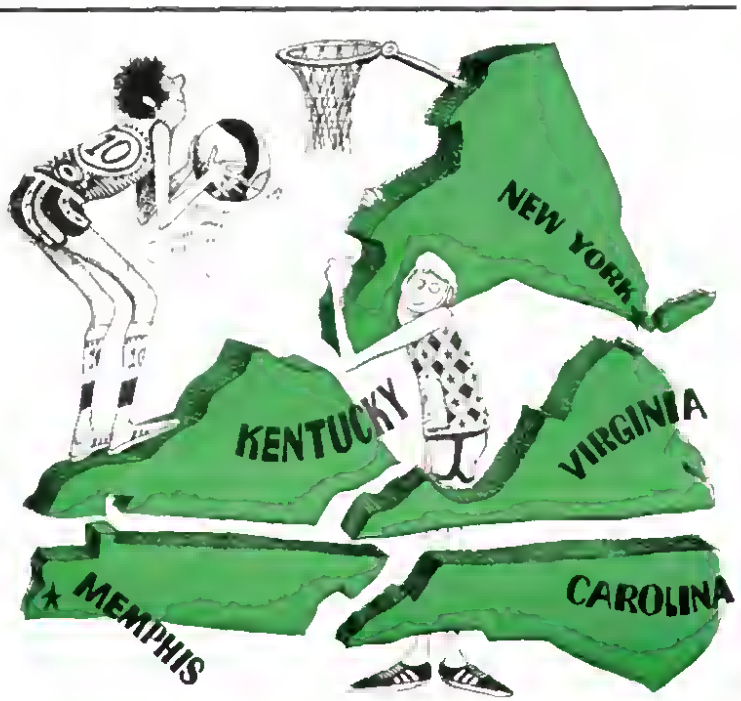


VOLVO

ABA EAST



Kentucky To Win This Derby

"I was so sure we would win the championship last year," admits one member of the Kentucky Colonels' front office, "that I had my ring size checked." His attitude was understandable: with a 68-16 regular-season record, the Colonels won more and lost less than any team in ABA history—until they were beaten by the Nets in the playoffs. "To most people our record meant we were a powerhouse, but we weren't," Coach Joe Mullaney says modestly. "We just didn't let the bad teams beat us." Modesty aside, Kentucky should be nearly unbeatable in its division again. Center Artis Gilmore and Forward Dan Issel accounted for 54 points and 29 rebounds a game last year with their double-post offense. This year, Dan will play more at a standard forward position and spell Artis in the pivot. At the other forward slot, a battle continues between Walt Simon and rookie Claude Virden, back from military service. He is very welcome: Kentucky president Mike Storen claims Virden is "quick as a cat and can run all night." At guard are old-timer Louie Dampier, Rick Mount from Indiana, Mike Gale and Jimmy O'Brien, clever at quarterback but deficient in scoring. "I need to use either Louie or Rick all the time for scoring punch," says Mullaney. "But I'm trying for more quickness and diversity."

The New York Nets also start with two natural centers, rookie Jim Chones and Billy Paultz. "We had assumed all along that Rick Barry would not be with us," says Coach Lou Carnesecca. "And we have changed our offense accordingly." Paultz will keep the center job, with Chones at forward, and how far the Nets go depends on how well that setup works. George Carter, last with the Carolina Cougars, was acquired over the summer, but he does not appear to take kindly to Carnesecca's disciplined style. At guard, Carnesecca will shuffle Bill Melchionni, John Roche and rookie Brian Taylor, all first rate.

If the Nets falter, an eager Carolina team will be right on their heels. The Cougars have a crop of new players and a rookie coach, Larry Brown, who is the youngest in the pros at 32. The Cougars needed a center to replace Jim McDaniels, and the best they could find was Mike Lewis, who comes from Pittsburgh in the dispersal draft. They needed a rebounding, hot-handed forward and, lo, as their new promotion piece proclaims—"Billy C. Is Back!" In three exhibition games Cunningham tallied 57 points and 34 rebounds. Mack Calvin, late of Florida, a fiery little guard in the Nate Archibald mold, will give Cunningham competition in the scoring column. With him in the backcourt are Ted McClain, Gene Littles and Bob Warren—a trio of which Brown has been made proud by preseason performances. Up front with Cunningham is Joe Caldwell, who will have to spend some time on the bench nursing a troublesome knee. Sound, he is among the best in pro ball. It remains to be seen whether Brown can assert strong enough leadership to harness Caldwell's talents. Cunningham, close in age to Brown and his old buddy from North Carolina, also may resist authority. If the rookie coach can run his team *his* way, he may have a division contender.

Meanwhile, if anyone is in the market for a real collector's item, the Virginia Squires have a promotion film up for grabs. It features Charlie Scott and Julius Erving. The sound track says that the ball moves so fast it disappears. When Scott crosses the screen, the narrator interjects: "And some *players* even disappear." Scott already has. Erving is trying to vanish, but has not. A Federal court order has barred him from playing for any team other than the Squires—so Coach Al Bianchi presumably will have the fabulous Dr. J. back playing forward. But one of Erving's attorneys has sought a stay of the injunction at a higher legal level and the case might be back up in the air again soon. Meanwhile, "I am juggling the lineup," says a helpless but hopeful Bianchi, "waiting for someone to jump out."

Memphis has a new owner (Charles O. Finley), president (Adolph Rupp), coach (Bob Bass), nickname (TAMs) and division (Eastern). It also has holdouts, Wendell Ladner and Gerald Govan. Either Dave Lattin or rookie Bob Ford could take Ladner's starting position, and Wilbert Jones, the team's lone All-Star last year, is in the other forward slot. Johnny Neumann, despite a year's experience, still looks immature, but the addition of George Thompson, acquired from Pittsburgh, should help. The front office will probably be more fun to watch than the team, a familiar situation to Memphis fans. END

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NO BUSINESS LIKE BOE'S BUSINESS

They [illegible] when the Nets [illegible] Nets [illegible]

by PETER CARRY

Roy Lars Magnus Boe is a businessman plain and simple. He does not describe himself as a promoter or a financier or an entrepreneur, magnate, market analyst or wheeler-dealer. He is a little bit of all those things, but he calls himself a businessman just like folks used to do before the fancier terms were invented.

When Boe recounts a conversation about anything less mundane than the score of his lunchtime squash game at New York's Yale Club or his 15-year-old son Sam's love life, he usually describes it as "doing business." In fact, when Boe assesses the talents of other businessmen he never feels the need to bestow any admiring adjectives on those he regards with esteem. It is enough of an accolade for him to blurt out in his machine-gun style: "The man knows how to do business."

The fact that Roy Boe also knows how to do business is very good for him, since it is probably the thing that has saved him these past 3½ years since he put himself into a very unbusinesslike mess. In May 1969, Boe purchased the New York franchise of the American Basketball Association. The team had been known at various times as the New York Freighters and the New Jersey Americans. When Boe bought the club it was called—as it is today—the New York Nets. The Nets in May of 1969 were doing no business at all.

The Nets also were not doing much business in May of 1970 or even May of 1971. It was not until a Friday night in the spring of 1972 that, with one extraordinary victory, they became successful. The groundwork for that win and the fortuitous circumstances surrounding it were so well set that the Nets did not become merely successful, they became hugely so. Now there are few teams in pro basketball—and none in the ABA—that are doing business like the Nets.

Boe's only recent contact with basketball before he bought the Nets had been as a season ticket holder at Madison Square Garden, where he watched the Knickerbockers. Before that—way before that—he had played one year of varsity basketball at the Englewood (N.J.) School. The son of Norwegian immigrants, he spent most of his time playing hockey during the winter. He was captain of the Englewood team as a senior, which by his criteria gives him unusually good credentials for his latest venture, owning a National Hockey League franchise. More pertinent qualifications are niceties Boe has routinely ignored.

At 42, he looks like the corporate man of the '50s in dark-hued suits and TV-blue shirts. His light-brown hair is close-cropped and sideburnless, and he keeps his 200-pound body in trim with squash and bowling during the winter and tennis in the summer. But appearances aside, Boe is not the Organization Man, he has worked only briefly—and unhappily—for others during his business career. In an earlier era he might have been a tough operator with a wagonload of elixir. In his own time Boe has plunged into food brokering, women's apparel and sports, and has been successful, to varying degrees, in each.

"I'm not a ponderer," he says. "I

like to make fast decisions whether they're right or wrong. People tell me I'm impulsive and I guess they're right. I'm lousy at detail but I think I'm good at delegating authority, buoying up morale and convincing people to do things."

Boe was fresh from college and Korean war duty in 1953 when he met a tall, dark-haired young fashion designer named Deon Woolfolk. Neither was particularly impressed with the other. "I was interested in another guy when somebody introduced this boy who said he was a fruit and nuts salesman," Deon recalls. "I didn't pay much attention; it sounded like pretty dull stuff." Boe was enthused enough to get the girl's phone number. Still, he put the piece of paper in a pocket and forgot about it until a couple of weeks later. "I vaguely remembered who she was," he says. "I gave her a call and asked her to ride out to Jones Beach with me and we were married at City Hall a couple of months later."

"When I got to know Roy a little I became very impressed," Deon says now. "He told me he planned to be a millionaire by the time he was 35. I didn't care about the money; neither of us had a sou at the time and I couldn't imagine that much money. What got me was that he had a purpose." Boe remembers no such precise plan but he very nearly fulfilled it nonetheless—with considerable help from Deon.

A couple of years after they were married the Boes moved to one of the wealthier enclaves of suburban Connecticut. They still live there with their five children in a huge, old, white wooden house that would look like an immense wedding cake if it were not surrounded by all manner of athletic gear. Deon, doubling as a housewife and young mother, ran a small fabric shop, designing and making her own clothes. One of the items she put together was a simple wraparound madras skirt. One day another shopkeeper saw the skirt and told Deon that if she could make more he could sell them. Within a couple of months the Boes had hired a manufacturer and were selling skirts to department stores in New York and other cities, and Roy had quit the food business. By the end of the first year, Mrs. Boe's wraparound skirts in madras and tweed had grossed $200,000. Four years later, after expanding into other sportswear items and swimsuits, many of them designed by Deon, the firm, called Boe Jests, was sold for several million. Roy Boe, who naturally ran the business side of the operation, was 36 years old.

To help him negotiate the sale in 1966, Boe hired New York Lawyer Bob Carlson, a litigation expert who had done some work for the New York Knicks. Carlson became a close business associate and personal friend; he recalls that even then the restless Boe "wanted to get into sports in the worst possible way."

He chose the worst possible way. Early in 1968 Boe purchased a New York Giants' farm team, the Westchester Bulls of the now defunct Atlantic Coast Football League, for about $50,000. The Bulls played their home games at a tiny high school stadium in Mount Vernon, N.Y., 23 miles from Boe's house, and he enjoyed attending practice several times a week, watching games and rejoicing with members of his squad who were called up to the parent team. "I was just like any guy would be in that situation. I was a fan," Boe says. One thing he did not cheer about was the $75,000 in losses it cost him to be a rooter that year.

At the close of the 1968 football season, Boe received a form letter from Hofstra University in Hempstead, N.Y., advertising for rent the school's newly lighted and AstroTurfed football stadium on Long Island. Although Boe had been born in Brooklyn, he, like other New Yorkers, did not consider that area of the city and the adjacent borough of Queens as part of the Island—even though both are located on the geographical entity called Long Island. To Brooklynites, the Island meant the suburban counties of Nassau and Suffolk, and Boe knew little about them or their potential for supporting a sports franchise. He also knew little about the basketball team called the Nets, except that they played somewhere "out on the Island." He had never seen any of their games nor could he name any of their players.

For the 1968-69 basketball season, Arthur Brown, then the owner of the ABA's New York franchise, had shifted his team from Teaneck, N.J. to Long Island. In a piece of fine homonymic footwork he changed its name from Americans to Nets—just about the only good move made in the franchise's first two years. Brown had settled the team at Commack in Suffolk County, a community 60 miles from midtown Manhattan, where some folks still follow the traditional Long Island occupations of raising potatoes and ducks. A few cows and chickens and—by the most liberal estimates—an average of roughly 1,000 people saw the Nets' games that season. The team won about as often as the Commack arena's heating system worked. Both the Nets and their oil burner finished last in the division.

Meanwhile, Hofstra had managed to sign Roy Boe and his Westchester Bulls. Boe was impressed by the college stadium and particularly by the fact that it was surrounded by a parking lot. The next step seemed businesslike enough: Boe arranged an appointment with Nets Owner Brown to discuss setting up a jointly operated ticket sales office in Nassau County. But when Boe arrived for the session, he quickly found that Brown was not interested in selling tickets. He was interested in selling the team. Within 10 days Boe bought it.

In the best business tradition, Boe was making a hedge bet on the future. A proposed new Nassau Coliseum was in the planning stage, and while the project was caught up in political crossfire, Boe says, "I called around on the Island and became convinced that the place would actually be built. Also, I could become a tenant if I stayed around until it was ready for the start of the '71-72 season."

Boe checked further and learned the size of his risk: "I was told the Nets had lost $500,000 in the season just completed. I figured that if I increased expenses and put together a better team we'd get much higher attendance and more income. I estimated we'd lose $500,000 the first year $300,000 the next and we'd make some money our third season, which would be our first in the Coliseum."

"I told him he was crazy to buy the Nets," recalls Lawyer Carlson. "Then I told him a few more times he was crazy before I finally realized that he had made up his mind. So, I just had to be his lawyer and help him make the best possible deal. We started talking to Brown at two o'clock in the afternoon and we signed a formal, 20-page contract at two o'clock the next morning at a table in the Brasserie restaurant. For an investment of about a million bucks, Roy got five players. Only one of them, Walt Simon, who is now a possible starter for Kentucky, played for the Nets the next year. The deal also included the

continued

final year of Brown's lease in Commack, which we had to buy because Roy knew the team had to be moved to someplace where people lived. He also got a portable basketball floor, which was warped."

Over the next two years Boe and partners he acquired lost approximately $100,000 a month, the sort of situation that would make any investor grit his teeth a bit. And never mind the basketball—one ABA executive insists that Boe's best sporting accomplishment during that period was in keeping his money sources open. Boe actually owned one-third of the team; he had taken in some New York investment bankers and—before the team started to operate on its own revenue—he brought in another 12 Long Island businessmen.

The Coliseum was still a long way off, so Boe signed a lease on Hempstead's Island Garden a month before the 1969-70 season opener. A moldy, 5,000-seat wrestling arena tucked behind a fast-food restaurant and accessible only through a narrow driveway, the Garden was not only crummy looking, it was nearly impossible to find. Not surprisingly, the Nets sold only 42 season tickets in Boe's first year.

He had almost as much trouble selling men on taking jobs in the organization. It took a month and more of constant telephoning, three-a-week meetings and Boe's personal guarantee on salary provisions of the contract before he could get Lou Carnesecca, the highly successful St. John's coach and a very popular man with the New York press, to come in as general manager and coach. At that Boe gave the coach a year to fulfill his contract with St. John's. But even a big-time coach could not fill the arena. Mike Manzer, the team's 34-year-old sales and promotion chief, spent the first two seasons trying to build attendance. How about Turtle Night? Sure enough, the fans got the little critters in boxes and, sure enough, it wasn't long before turtles were crawling all over the stands—and the Nets heard about it from the ASPCA. Another time, Manzer uncovered a band of St. John's students who wanted to honor one of their old grads, Nets star Sonny Dove. There was a flourish from the band and the P.A. announcer heralded the launching of a real live dove in Sonny's honor. The students opened the box and the real live dove flew out. It took roughly two flaps, died and crashed right into the stands.

The worst fiasco occurred when the Nets finally made the playoffs at the end of Boe's first season. The home opener against Kentucky was scheduled for a Sunday afternoon, a day and time when the Nets had drawn their best gates of the season. The owners were hoping for a sellout, but someone forgot to tell them about the weather. It was mid-spring, there were leaves on the trees, birds were chirping, and baseball was in full bloom. That Sunday afternoon was the day when Little League tryouts were being staged all over the Island. Fewer than 500 paying customers showed up, and just before game time Boe put his arm around Manzer's shoulders and said, "It's all right, Mike. Why don't you go over to Whitey's snack bar and get those people in here? We gotta try something to make this look good."

The Nets themselves were gradually starting to look good to perhaps the most important people in Nassau County's bedroom communities: the kids. The team ran a Christmas tournament for peewee players and a summer clinic for high school boys, a basket was rigged on the back of a truck and in two summers the team's players and coaches gave free instruction in shopping center parking lots and schoolyards to 100,000 youngsters. Any pretext to give a Nets ticket to a child was pretext enough.

Boe was also busy building a team. After an unsuccessful run at Bob Lanier, now All-Star center for the NBA Detroit Pistons, and Geoff Petrie, an NBA co-Rookie of the Year for Portland, he heard about Rick Barry. In the summer of 1970 Barry was involved in another of his interminable contract hassles, this time trying to wriggle free of an agreement with the ABA's Virginia Squires in order to return to the NBA's Warriors. In the course of an interview Barry made some uncomplimentary remarks about the Old Dominion, and suddenly one of the very best pro players was anathema in Virginia. It took Boe only a few minutes on the phone with Squire Owner Earl Foreman and Barry to decide that he would pay the huge sums both wanted to make Barry a New York Net.

The Barry deal marked a turning point. The Nets refused the opportunity to sign Julius Erving because he was still an undergraduate at Massachusetts, but when the team was awarded the draft rights to Marquette star Jim Chones, Boe quickly landed him with a $1.5 million contract.

In their first two years in Island Garden the Nets generated an aggregate income of $400,000. Last season (when they were supposed to play all their games in the new Coliseum but played only half of them because of construction delays), the Nets earned nearly five times the gross of those other years. And the team's power began to become evident: once the Nets were in the Coliseum, it was routinely accepted in ABA circles that New York would become the league's strongest franchise. In fact, there were immediate questions about how that strength would be used. (In the NBA, the Knicks had dominated the league's finances and politics for years even though they had rarely been on top in the standings. It is not mere coincidence that the NBA Commissioner's office is in the Madison Square Garden complex.)

The same was being said of the Nets last spring when ABA Commissioner Jack Dolph resigned before his contract came up for renewal. Boe was one of two men assigned to find a replacement—and his friend Bob Carlson was the man. Carlson was well known to ABA owners before his election. He had done legal work for the league office and had attended trustees' meetings for several years, yet, as one ABA insider says, "I think Carlson is a heck of a choice and a fair man, but I have to believe that if I were a Memphis or a Carolina man I'd watch myself carefully around him, particularly when I'm dealing with the Nets."

It will always be Boe's special pride that when the Nets—the team and the franchise—finally grew up they did it with a bang. They burst out all at once during a playoff game with Kentucky last April, in an evening of wild, vocal explosion. There were sudden new vibrations, fan with fan, player with player and crowd with team. The Nets' winning basket that night, tossed up by John Roche amid the pleading screams of 15,000 Long Islanders and the silent blinking of the time clocks, was an unreasoned and unreasonable shot. Because it was, it brought absolute, roof-blowing excitement. Boe could not have hoped for a more apt triumph.

The setting for Roche's shot had been slowly pieced together since the Nets

had moved into the uncompleted Nassau Coliseum two months earlier. The players adapted quickly to their new floor and rallied from a poor first half of the schedule to finish third in the Eastern Division. Even though they had compiled their best record ever, they still finished 24 games behind division-winning Kentucky, and New York faced the Colonels in the initial playoff round.

Surprisingly, the Nets won the first two games in Louisville before returning to the Coliseum—which finally had almost all of its 16,000 seats in place. They lost that midweek game. When Boe arrived at the arena for the Friday game that followed, he already knew that the house was sold out and that his franchise would gross approximately $100,000 that night, a total roughly equal to the team's entire income the first season he owned it. What he did not know was that Barry, who had scored 50 and 35 points in the Nets' wins over the Colonels, was home in bed with the flu.

A full house is not necessarily an unmitigated boon to a young franchise. For this game the Nets would have many new customers, potential fans who might never return if New York were blown off the floor, a distinct possibility with Barry out of the lineup. The crowd seemed angry after the announcement of Barry's illness, but the Nets played a brilliant, intuitive game that kept them on even terms with Kentucky throughout the first half. It was not until Rick's replacement, NBA reject John Baum, scored seven consecutive baskets early in the third period that the spectators began to sense that New York could win. Through the final 24 minutes, right up until Roche's desperate, game-clinching three-point basket in the closing seconds, the clamor grew, first surpassing anything ever heard in Indianapolis, home of the ABA's previous hysteria champions, and then approaching the noise level of Madison Square Garden, where the Knicks play to the most vociferous crowds in pro basketball.

But there was a distinct difference in the timbre of the crowd noise at Nassau Coliseum. There were high-pitched shrieks and squeaky wails and falsetto chants. For the first time in recent years in New York, large numbers of children were attending a major professional sporting event other than baseball. The scarcity and expense of tickets had kept kids away from football, hockey and

continued

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Another advantage of having more rubber remain on the road is that your tire will last a great deal longer. (It's not uncommon for a radial-ply tire to last well over 40,000 miles.) This longer wear may well serve to make up for the initially larger investment that steel-belted radials represent.

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Knickerhocker games, so the children brought their parents to see the Nets. All those shopping-center clinics and all those free passes to sit in the grimy end-zone seats at Island Garden had put the Nets over the top.

How far over is still debatable. Boe has claimed the Nets will be third to the Knicks and Los Angeles Lakers in attendance this season, but he also admits his estimates have been consistently too high ever since he bought the franchise. Manzer projects attendance will fall slightly under 10,000 a game, which should rank New York first in the ABA, but only sixth or seventh among all pro teams. If Barry, who decided to rejoin the NBA Warriors (even though he had earlier claimed he would not play basketball this season unless for the Nets), had remained in New York, Manzer says his estimate would have been boosted by 2,000 or more.

One team the Nets are almost certain not to outdraw is Boe's new hockey club, the New York Islanders. The combination of playing at the Nassau Coliseum and the Islanders' membership in the long-established National Hockey League practically guarantees the team financial success from the outset. The Islanders have sold 9,000 season tickets and expect to average 12,000 fans a game. "We're pretty certain to make money the first year with the Islanders," Boe says. "And I feel safe saying that, even though we haven't dropped a puck yet."

Boe has already dropped $10 million—$6 million to join the NHL and draft players and another $4 million to pay off Madison Square Garden for invading the Rangers' territory. The investment has also put Boe, one of basketball's upstarts, on the side of the Establishment in hockey. There are, of course, upstarts in hockey now, too, and a war is on between the NHL and the new World Hockey Association, which has already signed eight of the players Boe drafted for the Islanders.

"I've been through one war and I've paid dearly," Boe says. "If the WHA is still in business in three years, I'll be their best ally in the NHL camp. But that'll come only after they've lost about $5 million apiece. The guys in the NHL will be able to stand the price, but I've seen a lot of owners come into the ABA all hot to go, then, when they've lost a million or so, they cool off.

"I figure it will cost me about $2.1 million, $2 million in increased salaries and $100,000 in court costs, to fight the WHA for three years, and I'm willing to do it. I feel about hockey right now the same way the Knicks' president, Ned Irish, did about the ABA five years ago. In five years the ABA has lost $20 million, and I'd guess it will cost the WHA between $40 million and $60 million to get established. Let's see if they're willing to pay it. If they are, I'll be glad to have them. First, they've got to prove to me that they're willing to do business."

And doing business is the name of Roy Boe's game—in hockey or basketball or wraparound skirts. **END**

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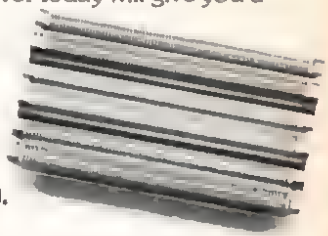

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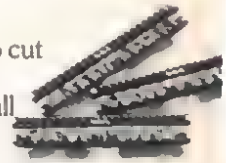

Our blades are replaceable because your face isn't.

The new Remington also has super sharp blades to cut whiskers clean and prevent pull and drag.

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◆

Austin (Texas) College football Coach **Duane Nutt** a deeply religious man, recently urged his players to "go to the Bible in time of need and you'll find something that will help." When Receiver **Byron Boston** decided to take his coach's advice, he found even more immediate and material help than expected. Between the covers of the Scriptures he discovered $15 that his wife had hidden.

Following his disappointing 1971 performance, New York Giant Wide Receiver **Rocky Thompson** went home to Bermuda, determined he was going to learn how to hang onto the ball. But how? Well, easy. Just find a small cliff overhanging an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, throw a football up over the water, jump off the cliff after it and catch it on the way down. Rocky climbed his 15-foot cliff throughout the summer and says, "It really was a good way to practice. The idea was to learn to relax while concentrating. And hitting the water was something like being tackled. Sometimes I hit the water pretty hard, but I learned to hold the ball."

Wilt Chamberlain, considering an offer to play the title role in a remake of *Robinson Crusoe*, has suggested that Chicago Cub Outfielder **Rick Monday** play his Man Friday. The female lead, naturally, would be Tuesday Weld. After all, it is a beach picture, isn't it?

Canada's final redemptive victory in the hockey series with Russia was announced with something approaching the proper histrionics in, of all places, the National Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Ontario. Suspecting that his student audience of 2,000 just might be interested in something besides *King Lear*, Actor **William Hutt** bode his time until the famous storm scene. With all the sound-and-light effects crashing about the stage, Hutt finished his lines, paused dramatically, and announced the score: Canada 6, Russia 5. As the students cheered wildly, the thunder and lightning continued to reverberate. What an exit. What revenge!

If Indiana Wide Receiver **Glenn Scolnik** continues to catch passes at the rate he did in the Hoosiers' first games, there might be a mass switch to vegetarianism. Ever since Scolnik stopped eating meat, he has lost pounds and gained yards—exactly 25 pounds and 376 yards (for five touchdowns), which made him the nation's No. 1 receiver. "I have more endurance," Scolnik says. "When I eat meat, it makes me feel bloated." Scolnik admits to being less than a purist vegetarian, though. He eats eggs and occasionally natural food, like gophers and badgers.

◆ Fink, Texas, a hamlet with a few houses and a general store, moved the annual celebration of National Fink Day out of the store and onto the Texas A&M football field to honor the most exalted Fink of them all, King Fink, Army's quarterback. **J. Kingsley Fink** graciously accepted a plaque and a kiss from her honor the mayor, then—no finkout he—led the Cadets to a 24-14 win.

Sympathetic with visiting ballplayers charged to park at San Diego Stadium, Los Angeles Dodger **Willie Davis** made a tongue-in-cheek formal complaint to **Buzzie Bavasi**, the Padre president. "What's wrong, do you need a loan?" Bavasi asked. "No," Davis replied, "but you must."

● **Prince Hiro**, 12-year-old son of Japanese Crown Prince Akihito, matches strides with the class big boy in the 100-meter dash. He also performed royally in a piggyback race, part of the same junior high school athletic meet. But as an intimation of mortality, he lost in both events.

Tennis player **Rosemary Casals** stopped by Puerto Rico to meet her namesake, Cellist Pablo Casals, and compare rackets. "I was pleased and surprised that he had heard of my tennis," Rosemary said. The Casalses agreed that it takes a lot of guts to succeed in either game.

In investments, unlike football, there is no such thing as an automatic safety. Dallas Cowboy **Bob Lilly** warned fellow players. "Side money can be more dangerous than a blindside block," he said. "Believe me, I've been there. Your 'friends' approach you with 'Bob, I'm worried about what you're going to do when you're through playing football. I think we should start looking into your future with some real sound investments. . . ' For years I bordered on bankruptcy because of these deals. One business was set up in a warehouse in Dallas. When we checked on it, we always went in the front offices and were told to stay out of the back because of tight security due to development of a new formula. One night our guys climbed up to the windows in back to look in. The place was bare. The moral to this story is: take a look at the back of the warehouse first."

●

Tulane dines high on one man's family

It's an immovable feast in New Orleans now that the Foley brothers—Steve, Mike and Rob—and most everybody else in their vast clan are leading that old ripple, the Green Wave, to its finest splash in years

In the graceful city of New Orleans, famous for its crayfish and catfish and oysters and creole, Tulane football has long been synonymous with bicarbonate of soda. The seasick Green Wave has been burping along with petty success for almost two decades, with only a paltry pair of winning seasons since 1956 and a losing record, going into the 1972 season, that included victories in only 56 of the last 193 games. For those who have questioned why New Orleans stomached, in fact relished, the professional Saints, one of the more futile efforts in the National Football League, the answer always was easy as pie: Tulane.

But maybe that is all past now. Last Saturday night in the Sugar Bowl, Tulane offered robust evidence that its football can be not only palatable but downright savory, mainly because of The Family, which blocked, passed, caught, cheered, watered, ran and faked its way to a 38-6 win over Pittsburgh, whose confusion could be excused. Everywhere Pitt looked, there were Foleys on the field, in the stands, on the sidelines. Three of The Family—Quarterback Steve, Split End Mike and Offensive Lineman Rob—prodded the offense to a spectacular performance, two other Foleys served as water boys, and mom and dad led a cheering brigade of relatives and friends in the stands.

With such aid from The Family, Tulane's record moved to 3-1, surely not in a class with Southern Cal or Oklahoma but a lot better than the town's pro attraction, and things should improve even more next year, when brother Al graduates from high school and The Family plans to make the school an offer it can't refuse.

It would seem that no team could have enough Foleys. Saturday night Steve, a sophomore, threw two touchdown passes and scrambled for some generous yardage in his first start. Mike, a junior, led the team in receptions with three and Rob, the center and sometimes guard, sprung Tulane backs free several times. Steve and Mike started at their positions and Rob played a goodly portion of the evening. In fact, except for one brief interlude, there always were at least two members of The Family in the game.

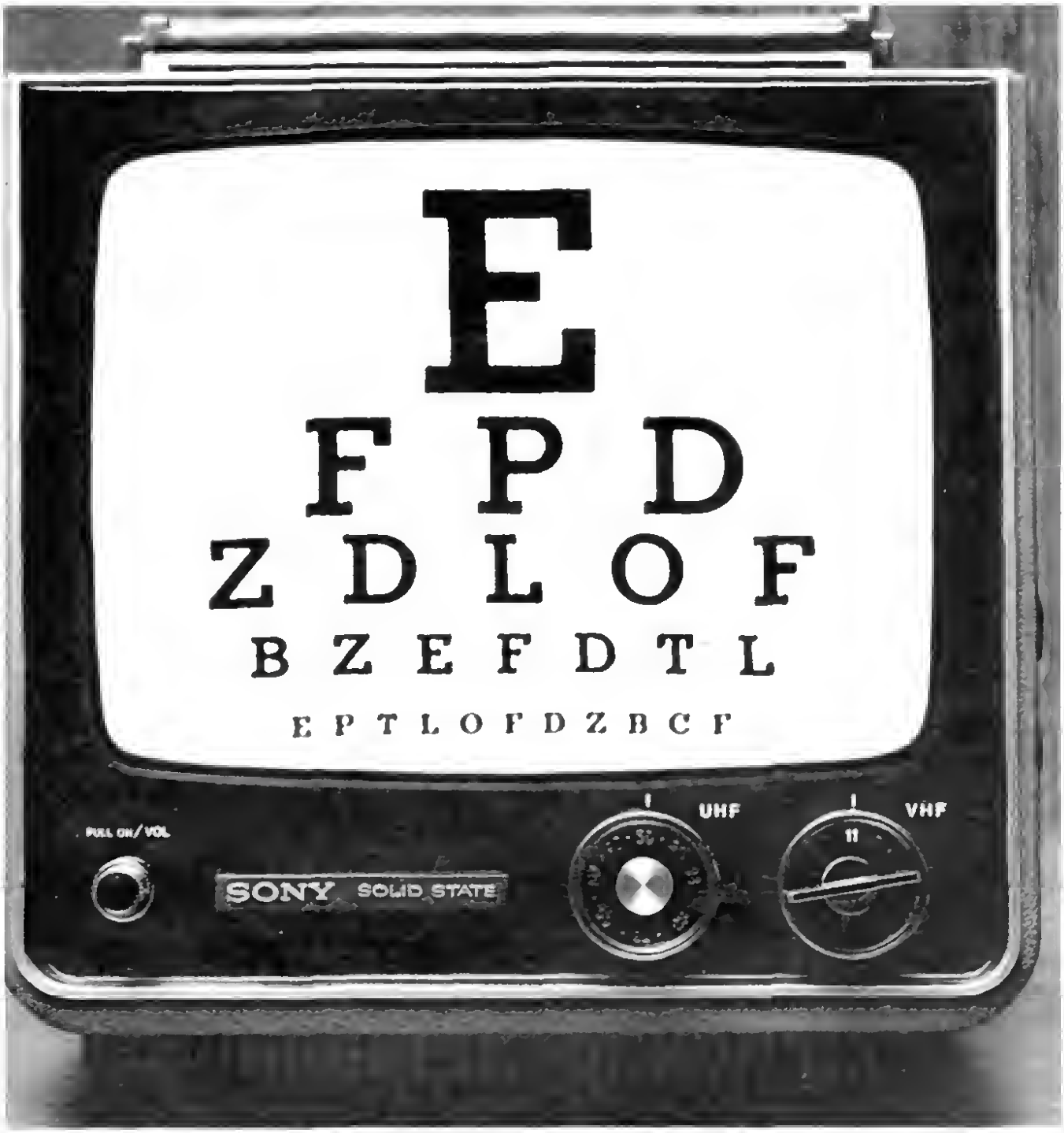
Back in the early days of the Old Testament the Foleys would have been an exalted tribe of procreators. There are 16 members of The Family—eight boys, five girls, two parents and a mongrel dog—and large families run in The Family. The Foley children have 52 first cousins. Home for this prolific clan ironically was built for celibates. The Foleys live in a former convent near the Tulane campus. Once the house had a cross atop it. Said a cynical Tulane secretary, "They should have left it up in honor of their mother."

Perhaps so, but the old convent hardly seems like home anymore. Four of the children, including Rob, are married and departed. Mike and Steve are living at Tulane. For the first time in anyone's memory the grass is sprouting in the side yard.

Tulane Coach Bennie Ellender is the smug benefactor of the Foley sibling rivals, the most determined of whom may be Rob, who still has a year of eligibility remaining because of sophomore redshirting. Rob is 5' 11" and weighs 215 pounds, skeleton statistics for a college lineman, especially one with mediocre speed. But his resolution was never better displayed than against Notre Dame last year. "You could hear the chuckles throughout the stands when I went out there," remembers Rob. "I was opposite Fred Swendsen, and right away we had third and long—an obvious passing situation. I took my stance and Swendsen said, 'O.K., you little s.o.b., here it comes.' I don't know what came over me. I lost my mind or something, 'cause I said, 'O.K., you big s.o.b., come on.' And with that the ball was snapped and Swendsen dropped back, the only time

continued

SIBLINGS (FROM LEFT) ROB, STEVE AND MIKE MAKE PLANS BEFORE OPERATING ON PITT



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On September 15 1972 at 9:03 a.m. this eye chart was actually telecast over Channel 11 in New York City.

At precisely that moment. we snapped this picture of a Sony portable in an apartment in Manhattan

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they rushed three men. By halftime, with us leading 7–0, they were rushing four linemen and three linebackers. They finally beat us, but they got to our passer only a couple of times."

Mike and Steve are thinner than their somewhat squat brother, and taller and faster, but they are fierce in their compulsion to triumph, too. "We are all different though," says Rob. "When we're with each other we have almost a slapstick kind of humor. But otherwise, Michael seems to people to be quiet and reserved while Steve's all business, especially on the field."

The Foleys bore reasonable resemblance to the Marx Brothers while growing up. It was especially chaotic during the years all 13 children were shoehorned into the house. The boys did the usual things expected of youngsters—such as building fires against the side of the house or harvesting a neighbor's strawberry patch or plastering mud balls all over nearby homes or charting the local sewer system for hiding places or having nuclear pillow fights. "In a large family you appreciate a lot of things that some people don't," says Rob. "With so many people in the house, everybody has to help and pitch in. You learn patience. You learn the importance of sharing things with other people—and how to laugh."

The road to Tulane resembled the Stations of the Cross more than a boulevard for the Foleys. They were thin and athletically uninspired during their early years. Eventually ravenous eating and zealous weight lifting plus daily ritualistic practice transformed them. During one memorable smorgasbord restaurant session, the brothers claim, Mike gained 13 pounds, Steve added 11 and Rob put on nine as a group of transfixed waitresses sat watching. "When we finished," says Mike, "we could barely see over the bones piled on our plates."

Many children play football during the fall, but the Foleys played it year round, scrambling over a narrow median grassy strip that divided the street fronting their home. They played to improve, frequently seeking out older players to beg advice, and they played to win. "Nothing is as galling as defeat by your brother," says Rob, "and that center strip was probably one of the reasons for Steve's success and accuracy as a thrower. You can't lead a kid too much when you only have a five-yard-wide field [illegible] could [illegible] fatality."

Steve particularly had to work diligently. For a while there was a question whether Tulane would offer him a scholarship at all. Eventually it did. "They say I don't have the experience to be a starting quarterback," says Steve, "but those summers made me mentally tough. Working out during the summer was like a full season."

The family is not foolishly secure in its current success, for all its days have not been so fat. Steve and Mike remember what it was like the Sunday shortly after their father quit his job and the boys temporarily had to cut down on their enormous intake. That was despair, the kind that Tulane had known so long. Now they are all eating high on the hog. If only the Saints . . . oh, well, can't win 'em all.

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (3-0)
2. OHIO STATE (3-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (3-0)

Michigan State had been battered 51-6 the week before by USC, and a transplanted cornerback, Mark Niesen, was at quarterback. Yet it took three field goals by Bob Thomas (now six for six on the year) and a last-second touchdown run of eight yards by Andy Huff to give Notre Dame a bruising 16-0 victory over the Spartans before a national television audience and 77,828 fans at East Lansing. Thomas' first field goal, from 47 yards, proved sufficient to win against a Michigan State offense that made too many mistakes, stuck almost entirely to the ground, punted more often than it passed (10-9) and never penetrated deeper than the Irish 44.

In its first three games Penn State had failed to score a point in the first half, but the Nittany Lions made up for it with 21 points in the first quarter of their game with Illinois, going on to win 35–17. The Illini scored first on an 11-yard pass from Mike Wells to Bob Hayes and led 7–6 until Penn State's John Cappelletti raced 53 yards for a touchdown and Quarterback John Huf-

continued

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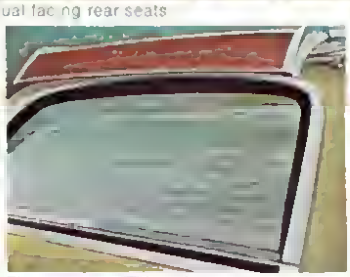

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nagel passed 37 yards to Chuck Herd for another score. The Lions boosted their margin to 28–10 at halftime, when Hufnagel scored from 13 yards out on a keeper and then coasted home.

Improving Navy trailed powerful Michigan only 7–0 after three periods, but was blown apart by a 28-point final quarter spiced by Dave Brown's 83-yard punt return, and lost to the Wolverines 35–7. In Big Ten games Purdue shut out Iowa 24–0 and Wisconsin defeated Northwestern 21–14 as Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson broke Alan Ameche's school scoring record with two touchdowns for a career total of 152 points. The Badgers pulled out the victory with two touchdowns in the last 2:10, the final score coming on a 51-yard pass from Rudy Steiner to Jeff Mack.

In the Big Eight, Oklahoma and Nebraska rested, but Oklahoma State, upset victor over Colorado two weeks ago, barely nipped Missouri 17–16 when Brent Blackman connected on a 54-yard touchdown pass to Split End Steve Pettes that came on fourth down with 98 seconds to play. Then Eddie Garrett, who missed a conversion kick in Oklahoma State's earlier loss to Arkansas, kicked the winning point.

Kansas State was trailing 24–17 with nine minutes to go in its game with Colorado at Manhattan, but Wildcat Quarterback Dennis Morrison was firing bullets and moving his team toward a tie or possible victory. Then the tide turned with shocking suddenness. Gangling Mark Cooney, Colorado's 6′ 4″, 224-pound right tackle, grabbed a deflected Morrison pass and galloped 69 yards for the touchdown that sent the Buffaloes off toward a 38–17 win.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. ARKANSAS (3-1)
3. RICE (2-1-1)

Cautious ineptitude had characterized the play of Arkansas through a trouncing by USC, one-point squeakers over Oklahoma State and Tulsa, and almost three-quarters of a game it was losing to TCU last week. "We just stand around hoping we don't make a mistake," moaned Razorback Coach Frank Broyles. Then, trailing the Horned Frogs 13–0, the Porkers suddenly began to gobble up yardage and touchdowns with uninhibited greed. Quarterback Joe Ferguson finally looked like a Heisman candidate, tossing touchdown passes of 34 yards to Jack Ettinger, eight yards to Mike Reppond and 11 and 20 yards to Jim Hodge, and guided his team to 204 yards on its last 23 offensive plays as Arkansas won 27–13.

In what was designed to serve as merely a brisk tune-up for its game this Saturday with Oklahoma, Texas was twice forced to come from behind to beat Utah State, at Austin, 27–12. With Tony Adams hitting 26 of 41 passes during the night, the Longhorns staked themselves to early leads of 6–0 and 9–7 before Billy (Sure) Schott kicked a 38-yard field goal to put Texas ahead to stay 10–9 with 13 seconds left in the first half.

LSU also met unexpectedly tough resistance in Houston against Rice but turned three fumble recoveries and five interceptions into a 12–6 victory. The Owls were kept in the game by End Gary Butler, who bobbed up between the turnovers to catch six passes for 120 yards. The Tigers now have the nation's longest winning streak among major colleges, eight games, but meet Auburn this Saturday, and Coach Charlie McClendon says he's worried. "Auburn has broken the longest winning streaks in the country two weeks in a row, beating Tennessee and Mississippi," warned McClendon, "and I'm sure they'll be ready for us."

WEST

1. USC (5-0)
2. UCLA (4-1)
3. AIR FORCE (4-0)

UCLA Coach Pepper Rodgers was not at all impressed by the fact that his Bruins were listed as a 32-point favorite over visiting Arizona. "There are easy games in Ping-Pong and tennis," he said, "but there are no easy games in football." A sound diagnosis by Dr. Pepper. While crosstown rival USC was busy edging Stanford, UCLA had to come from behind three times to finally win 42–31. Arizona scored on long relentless marches the first three times it had possession and led at the half 21–14. UCLA went ahead 28–24 as the third quarter ended, but Arizona immediately regained the lead by moving 72 yards to a score on nine plays. After Bruin Fullback Gary Campbell had put his club ahead with a 24-yard burst up the middle, Halfback Kermit Johnson, who was to gain a school-record 183 yards on only 15 carries, finally put Arizona down to stay, scampering 69 yards for the insurance touchdown. Punch was also provided by Halfback James McAlister, who rushed for 121 yards on 11 tries, and Quarterback Mark Harmon, who ran the Wishbone to a T as the Bruins rolled up 505 yards on offense, breaking a school record that had stood for 27 years.

The Washington Huskies may well be the most inept unbeaten team in the nation. They have stumbled precariously to all but one of their victories and last week were able to preserve a 23–17 decision over Oregon only when the officials apparently neglected to notice in the closing seconds of the game what losing Coach Dick Enright declared was a flagrant case of end zone pass interference. With Quarterback Sonny Sixkiller hitting on two touchdown passes, the Huskies moved out to a 16–0 lead. Then Oregon Quarterback Dan Fouts, who completed 21 of 47 passes, brought the Webfoots right back in the second half and with the seconds ticking down to a precious few had steered his team to a first down on the Washington 10. Then came the game saver, a first-down pass to End Greg Lindsey in the end zone which was declared incomplete, though Lindsey had been jolted aside by a premature tackle.

At Berkeley, with his team trailing California 12–9 in the third quarter, Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes made a rare blunder that ironically set up his team's 35–18 win over the Bears. Confused following a penalty, Woody sent in his punting team on third down. Suspicious, California Coach Mike White kept his punt-return specialist, Scott Stringer, on the bench. Rattled by the unexpected chore, Cornerback Jerry Jones fumbled the ensuing punt and Ohio State recovered at the Bear 45. Inspired by the gift, the Buckeyes scored a touchdown five plays later on Fullback Harold Henson's one-yard plunge.

At Fort Collins high-flying Air Force took an early lead over Colorado State with three first-half touchdowns by Joel Carlson, then kept right on grinding out the TDs in the second half to rout the Rams 52–13.

Arizona State produced an awesome defense that held Oregon State to a total of one yard rushing while Halfback Woody Green was skittering for 181 yards and two touchdowns on 23 carries as the Sun Devils crushed the Beavers 38–7 on a soggy field at Tucson.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (3-1)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (4-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (2-0)

Until four minutes remained in the first half, West Virginia and William & Mary had huffed and puffed through a strenuous defensive battle at Morgantown. Then came the deluge. Mountaineer Quarterback Bernie Galiffa threw touchdown passes of 75 and 17 yards to Flanker Danny Buggs, and one of 44 yards to Split End Marshall Mills to send his team off at halftime with a 28–0 lead. The touchdown torrent continued in the second half, but this time it was the In-

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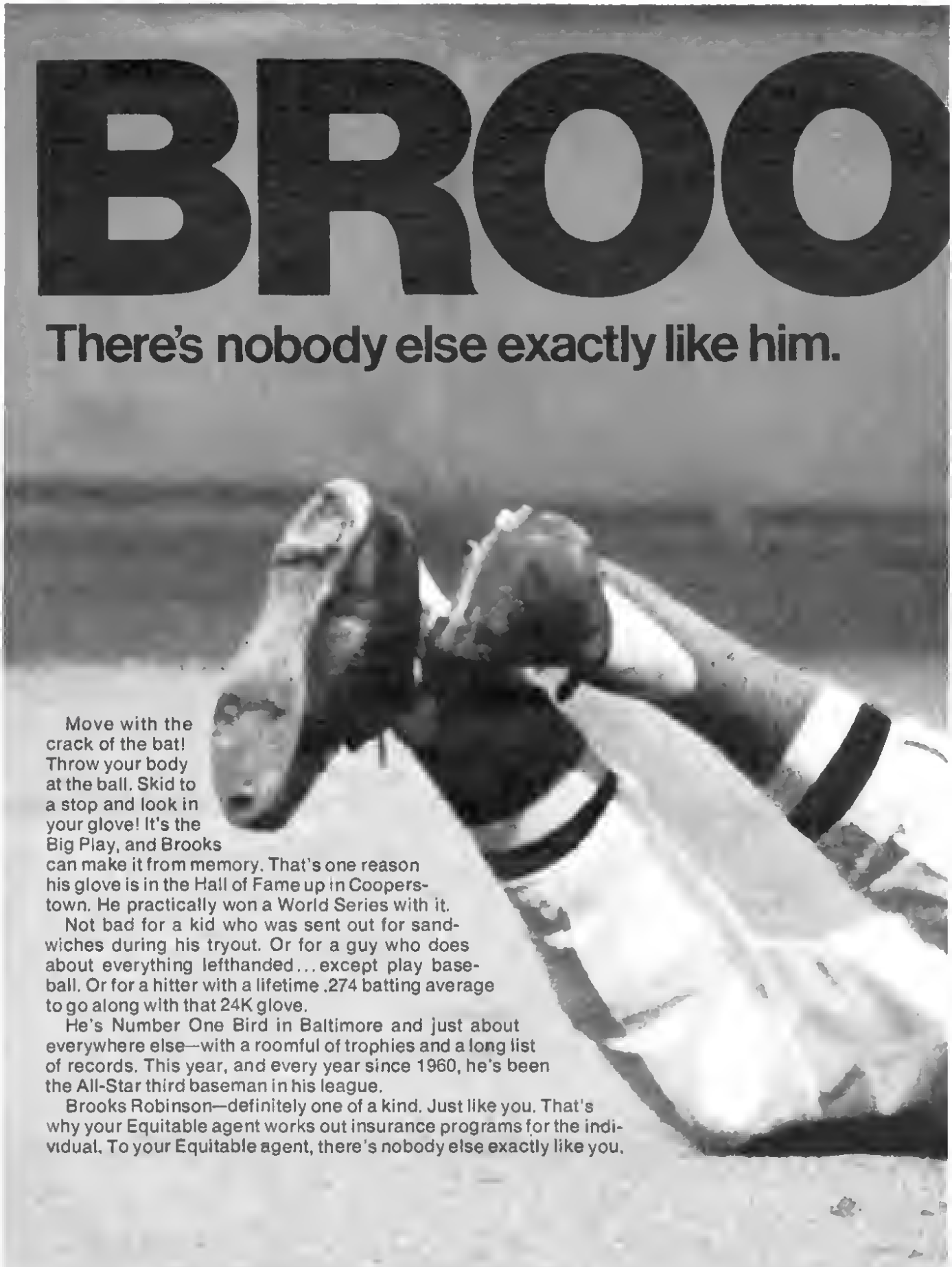

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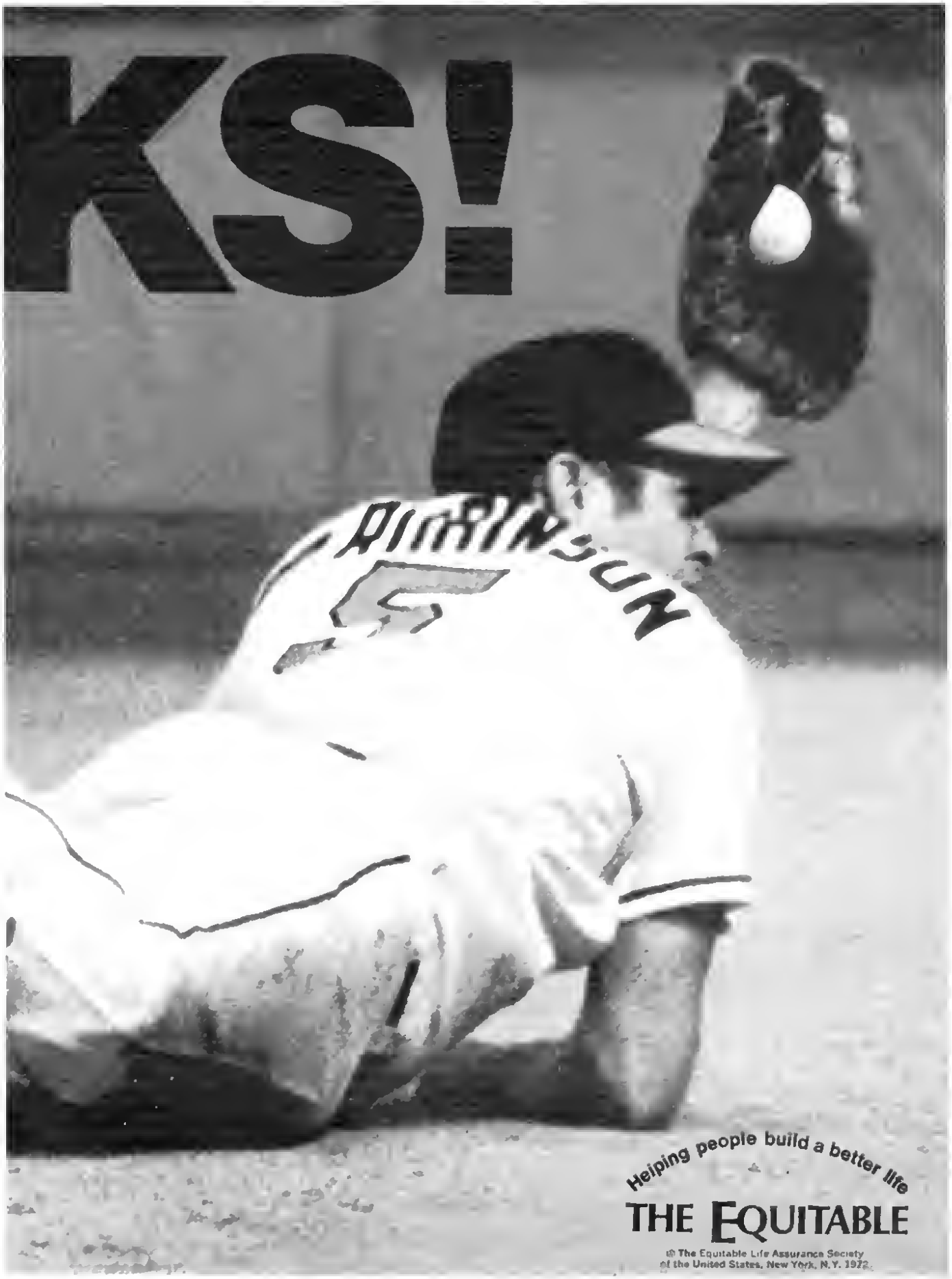
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dians' turn. Doug Gerhart carried for three of William & Mary's five second-half touchdowns to help ignite a furious rally that was not squelched until Briggs went 31 yards to score on a flanker reverse with five minutes left in the game to insure a 49–34 victory for the Mountaineers.

Chilled and wet, 6,074 spectators sat through a rainstorm in the Yale Bowl to watch the Elis win a clash of Wishbone offenses with fumbling Colgate. The Red Raiders led at halftime 7–0 on a leaping end-zone catch by Steve Fraser of a Tom Parr pass, but in the second half Yale collected three scores with short marches following Colgate fumbles to win 27–7.

Brown's senior Placekicker Tyler Chase booted an Ivy League record five field goals as the Bruins defeated Penn 28–20 in the rain at Providence and ended an 11-game losing string. Columbia and Princeton slushed to a 0–0 tie in the Tigers' Palmer Stadium in a game that produced a brilliant burst of defensive corps in the third period. First, Princeton Linebackers Joe Parsons and Tony Riposta hurled back two Columbia plunges from the Tiger one-yard line and then, on fourth down, Defensive Back Jim Stephens picked off a Don Jackson pass and headed full steam for the distant goal line. A touchdown seemed inevitable until Steve Howland broke through a cordon of five blockers to make the saving tackle on the Lion 26. At Worcester, Dartmouth defeated Holy Cross 17–7. Indiana came over from Big Ten country to squeeze past Syracuse 10–2. Undefeated Delaware kept its small-college supremacy intact with a 27–0 victory over Lafayette as Vern Roberts rushed for 205 yards.

SOUTH

1. LSU (4-0)
2. ALABAMA (4-0)
3. AUBURN (4-0)

In the first half of its game with Georgia in Athens, visiting Alabama decided it would try to overpower the Bulldogs with crunching runs up the middle. The result was a narrow 7–0 lead. In the second half Tide Coach Bear Bryant, fed up with muscle, switched to an assortment of outside runs and short passes. The result was an easy 25–7 victory and a still unbeaten record. With Offensive Linemen John Hannah and Jim Krapf clearing the way, Quarterback Terry Davis moved Alabama's Wishbone attack on third-quarter marches of 78 and 80 yards, hitting a 39-yard scoring toss to Wayne Wheeler that was called at the line of scrimmage and caught the Bulldog defense napping, then scoring himself on a one-yard sneak. Georgia proved a generous host, losing four fumbles and two interceptions. "We should have wrapped it up in the first half with all the opportunities they gave us," growled The Bear.

Florida State suffered its first defeat of the season in a flood of turnovers at Tallahassee as the Seminoles were humiliated by intrastate rival Florida 42–13. State Quarterback Gary Huff put a lot of impressive statistics on the board, throwing 58 passes and completing 27 for 325 yards, but only one touchdown. Florida State lost six fumbles and four of Huff's passes fell into enemy hands as the Gators salted the game away with a three-touchdown third quarter, all following recovered fumbles.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK. Arkansas' rifle-armed Quarterback Joe Ferguson, who completed 20 of 32 passes for 304 yards and four second-half touchdowns to lead the Razorbacks to a come-from-behind victory over Texas Christian.

THE LINEMAN. Auburn's Mac Lorendo, a mobile 6'3", 238-pound offensive tackle who personally cleared the way for 115 of the 150 yards Tailback Terry Henley gained in the Tigers' upset victory over 18th-ranked Mississippi.

The loss by graduation of Quarterback Pat Sullivan and Wide Receiver Terry Beasley seems to have left Auburn not at all bereft, and last week in Jackson the Tigers stayed undefeated by upsetting Mississippi 19–13. Tailback Terry Henley was used early as a battering ram to soften up the Ole Miss forward wall, and then in the third period Auburn Quarterback Randy Walls put the Tigers in front with a 39-yard touchdown pass to Wingback Tom Gossom and a five-yard touchdown run of his own. The Auburn defense finally saved the victory in the final minute, preventing Ole Miss from scoring on four thrusts from the nine.

In Atlanta, Quarterback Eddie McAshan threw two touchdown passes to 5'9", 160-pound sophomore Flanker Jim Robinson and scored once himself as Georgia Tech rolled over Clemson 31–9. At Memphis Tennessee Halfback Haskel (Snapback) Stanback scored on runs of four, three and 24 yards as the Volunteers crushed Memphis State 38–7. In Raleigh, North Carolina State's usually porous defense came up with a first-period goal-line stand, checking Duke Fullback Steve Jones on fourth down at the three-inch line, then continued to stay tough, shutting out the Blue Devils 17–0.

Virginia Tech Quarterback Don Strock completed 34 of 53 passes for 527 yards, but Houston rallied from a 27–7 defeat to tie the game 27–27 on a 20-yard scoring pass from D. C. Nobles to Bryan Willingham with 75 seconds left. **END**

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For 51 weeks of the year Lander, Wyo is a lazy frontier town of 7,123 persons tucked away along the backbone of the continent among an Indian reservation, national forests and the wilds southeast of Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks. Except for a desultory war whoop on payday, life is tranquil in Lander; even the wind, according to the U.S. Weather Bureau, blows less there than anywhere else in the nation.

But last month it was again confirmed that for one week each fall Lander undergoes a metamorphosis. Overnight it dons the garbs of circus, rodeo and state fair. Traffic blocks its streets, out-of-towners overflow its motels and revelers its restaurants. From all over the country and as far away as Europe and Africa, movie stars, diplomats, TV personalities, politicians, princes, financiers, socialites, industrial czars, writers, artists and astronauts descend upon Lander, turning it into the liveliest and most celebrity-studded spot in the West. For a few days, one of the zaniest contests in all sport—Lander's One-Shot Antelope Hunt—is where the action is.

Although festivities begin several days before with shooting events, sighting-in sessions and partying among former one-shotters who annually return like old grads to a college reunion, the hunt takes place between dawn and dusk of opening day of the antelope season. As the title suggests, each shooter on the various three-man teams is given a single cartridge—silver-coated. To score for his team he must down a buck antelope with that one bullet. There is no premium on the size of the trophy, but there is on how soon it is taken.

"When you know you have only that single shot," says Denver businessman John King, a member of the Colorado team in 1963, "there is a special kind of pressure. It gets worse with each hour, and it makes you overcautious. Then you become so afraid of missing that you can't shoot at all."

To his dismay and enduring embarrassment, Roy Weatherby (of Weatherby Rifle fame) had just this experience the year he shot on the California team. Even redder-faced was John Olin, one of the country's best shots, who managed to squeeze the trigger on his Winchester and then missed by a mile. Neither performance is unique at the One-Shot.

Harold F. Evans of Lander and the late Harold W. Dahl Jr. of Denver dreamed up the One-Shot Antelope Hunt more than 30 years ago. They were sitting around a campfire one evening after a day's hunting, musing about the past when the Indian with his bow and the frontiersman with his muzzle-loader stalked similar quarry through the same stretches of golden-yellow sage. The evening meal of such early hunters depended upon the skill of the stalk and the accuracy of a single shot.

The next day Evans and Dahl each took an antelope buck with a single shot. This, the first of three decades of contests between Wyoming and Colorado, ended unofficially in a draw. The following year the two men met again, this time supported by four teammates from their respective states. After the hunt, which Colorado won, a One-Shot Club was formally organized and plans were started immediately for the next year's event. Except for four years during the war, the One-Shot Antelope Hunt has been held annually ever since. Over the years the number of teams has increased, the crowds have grown larger, the celebrities have become more numerous and the rules have gradually been refined to accommodate the changes.

Shooters are now limited to three per team, and no more than eight teams—preferably only five or six—may compete. Originally, all the teams represented states and, after the first few years, were captained by their respective governors who challenged the governors of Wyoming and Colorado. More than two dozen states have fielded teams.

So much emphasis on heads of states

continued

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made non-governors begin to feel discriminated against, and in 1953 a group of U.S. Senators issued its own challenge. In subsequent years their example was followed by non-gubernatorial challenges from such varied areas as industry, Hollywood, All-America sportsmen, archers, astronauts and past one-shotters.

The enthusiasm and solid support of former participants, in fact, are major reasons for the One-Shot's success. They return each year in droves—shooting jackets bedecked with patches and pins from previous hunts, rifles oiled and polished and sparkling with silver and gold and ivory inlays—greeting each other and the townspeople in noisy reunions, lured from a hundred diverse pursuits by a contest that equalizes them all.

The ever-increasing turnout of former team members led some years ago to formation of the Past Shooters Club, also headquartered in Lander. It is a separate organization responsible for many of the prehunt festivities. The One-Shot Antelope Club itself consists of the team members competing in a given year and the local citizens who run the hunt. The year after he shoots on a team, a one-shotter is eligible to become a past shooter and remains one for life.

"That's the best category," says Roy Weatherby. "There are really three stages of shooter at the One-Shot. First you come a few years as a guest, each time hoping that you will be invited to join a team the next year. You can sweat that out a long time. Then, finally, you make a team. Talk about pressure! That is when you really sweat. But once it's behind you, you can relax. The pressure's off. The parties are on. And the pronghorn hunting is the best anywhere."

No one who has ever hunted the country around Lander will deny that. The mountains and prairies support more wild game—deer, elk, moose, bear and sheep as well as antelope—than any other section of the U.S. Some of the finest fly-fishing streams in the state flow through its valleys, and its higher mountain streams and hidden lakes offer the kind of fishing anglers dream of. But of all the native riches, none is so bountiful as the fleet-footed antelope that prance upon its prairies.

The American pronghorn, *Antilocapra americana* (American goat-antelope), is technically not an antelope at all, but the misnomer is past correcting at this late date. It is a separate species, more closely related to the goat family than to the true antelope. The sole survivor of the Antilocapridae family that flourished in the Miocene and Pliocene Epochs, it is the only mammal in the world with pronged or branched horns.

The pronghorn is smaller than a deer, standing about three feet at the shoulder and weighing around 100 pounds, and much more dramatically marked than any other native species. Its cinnamon-buff coat is set off by bright splashes of white on its belly, throat and rump and accentuated by bold slashes of black on its face and ears. But beneath this fancy facade is an animal of extraordinary speed and stamina, capable of maintaining a pace in excess of 30 mph for as much as five miles and of reaching flat-out bursts of 60 mph.

At one time an estimated 50 million antelope roamed the plains from Illinois to the Pacific and from the Canadian prairies south to Mexico. By the late 1800s these multitudes had been so reduced by wholesale market hunting and the scourges of disease and decimated range that fewer than 20,000 animals carried over into this century.

During the next three decades conservationists worked frantically to strengthen the antelope's fragile grip on survival—establishing and enforcing laws for its protection, setting aside reserves and sanctuaries, refurbishing ranges, translocating herds and winter feeding.

By the early '40s several states had pronghorn populations promising enough to warrant carefully controlled hunting. Today there are some 500,000 antelope on the ranges of the West and the pronghorn is outranked only by the deer as the nation's most heavily hunted big-game animal.

The antelope gives the impression of being an easy mark. Unlike most big game, it makes no effort to conceal itself as it gambols across the open plains, but this is a hoax. The antelope may act unsuspecting—it is entitled to some sport, too—but only as long as the hunter is out of range. Add the fact that antelope normally travel in herds, which means many sets of sharp eyes alert for danger.

There is a tendency, because there is so little against which to gauge an antelope's size in such open terrain, to miscalculate range. The excuses for such misses are often as wild as the shots, and over the years those offered by one-shotters have become classics.

Back in the '40s Louisiana's Governor Jimmie Davis explained that he was aiming at the left eye of an antelope when, just as he squeezed the trigger, he noticed that the animal's left eye was missing. His bullet, claimed the governor, passed right through the hole and out the other side, leaving the antelope unharmed. Illinois' former Governor Otto Kerner said that the buck he encountered on the prairie was so astonished to see a Democrat that it froze, thus giving Colorado's Governor John Love, a Republican, an easy shot.

Of the many teams that have participated at Lander, no single group has been harder pressed for alibis than the astronauts, who have fielded teams since 1966. Only Wally Schirra, who competed on the Wyoming team in 1964, even came close to scoring. His bullet nicked an antelope in the hoof, giving it an unsolicited hot foot and a rocket start toward the Montana border. Schirra's story was that the animal lifted its foot to scratch its shoulder just as he fired, but this was no more credible than Deke Slayton's claim that his rifle fired before he did. Gordon Cooper, who cited inadequate target shooting opportunities on the moon, hoped that the notoriously poor performances of astronauts vs. antelope "might convince NASA that we need more time for hunting and fishing."

Either NASA was convinced or this year's astronaut team had some prehunt practice, because James Lovell, Joe Engle and Jack Swigert were *all* on target. For the first time in seven years the astronauts not only scored but won. All three spacemen made perfect one-shots to win the contest and the acclaim.

Governor Winfield Dunn, with an edge of five minutes, broke a tie for second place between his Tennessee team and the International Team, each of which had two antelope. A new category this year, the Voice of the Sportsmen team, consisting of three outdoors writers, downed a single antelope to take fourth place. Governor Stan Hathaway's Wyoming team and Governor Love's Colorado team tied for last place. Each scored zero.

"After all," the governors explained, "as co-hosts, it was the only polite thing to do." **END**

Now, was that a good way to break the ice?

Angel Penna was coolly received by the French when he moved to Paris to train; now he has won, if not their hearts, their biggest turf prize

After a mile and a quarter of the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Americans John Galbreath and Ogden Phipps were a delighted pair of owners. There in the lead was Roberto, Galbreath's Epsom Derby winner, and barely a head behind was Phipps' Boucher, the St Leger victor. America's star jockeys Braulio Baeza and Laffit Pincay, aboard the colts, were making those celebrated, high-riding Europeans—Lester Piggott, Yves Saint-Martin and Freddy Head—look like bug boys at Finger Lakes. But in less than 30 seconds the cheering died in the American section at Longchamp and the millionaires from Pittsburgh and New York watched, disappointed, as Freddy Head urged the filly San San, a 19-to-1 shot, home a length and a half in front. Another French filly, Rescousse, was second. Roberto faded to seventh and Boucher finished somewhere in the last bunch of eight.

But it turned out, after all, that America had a share of the victory. San San, a 3-year-old daughter of Bald Eagle and the Princequillo mare Sail Navy, was foaled in the U.S. and purchased as a weanling for $20,000 from the dispersal sale of the late Harry F. Guggenheim. The filly's new owner was a German steel heiress, Countess Margit Batthyany, whose thoroughbred empire now ranges from central Europe to central Kentucky. She owns studs in West Germany and Normandy, a portion of John Gaines' property in Lexington, and some 200 horses, including 75 mares, 40 horses in training and shares in 17 stallions, including Vaguely Noble, Hail to Reason, Raise a Native, Personality and Bold Bidder. In her determination to become a leading owner and a figure in international racing, the countess has been laying out millions. Just recently she leased the young Bold Ruler stallion, Bold Lad, and he will be shipped to France to stand at her stud with, among others, the Belmont Stakes winner Sword Dancer. Her racing stable is now set up in style in a training yard in the Chantilly suburb of Lamorlaye. A year ago the countess hired Angel Penna, the Argentinean trainer who has had a distinguished career in several countries, most recently in the U.S. where he developed numerous stakes winners, including Bold Reason and Czar Alexander.

Penna arrived in France with his own jockey, Jean Cruguet, who had left Paris several years earlier with little reputation or hope of making it to the top of his profession there. However, after a few seasons in New York, Cruguet returned to his homeland with experience, expertise and grim determination. Penna also brought to Chantilly a new bride, Elinor Kaine. As a member of Kentucky's celebrated Headley family, she has always known a thing or two about horses, but her sporting fame lies more in the fact she is a member of the Professional Football Writers Association of America. She once sued Yale for refusing her a seat in the Yale Bowl press box—and won. Elinor's grit has served her well in Lamorlaye. French horsemen like foreigners to visit but not to move in—and especially not to beat them.

After a while local residents who had been noticeably aloof began dropping by, but their interest was not really so much caused by Elinor or Angel or the horses but by the $1,000 refrigerator with a built-in ice machine that the couple had installed. "There are nice people around here," the Pennas say, "but they make nothing easy for newcomers, especially when the newcomers win races."

On the Monday of Arc Week Jockey Cruguet, who had ridden San San to a dead-heat win with Paysanne in the Prix Vermeille (also run at the mile-and-a-half Arc distance), was asked about the filly's chance in the big race. "She hasn't much, really," he replied. "I think we're probably riding for fourth money. Hard to Beat is a standout, but Roberto might surprise him. But here in France, unlike in the States, you never really can tell how a race will go because everyone takes back and waits to do their running at the end. I won a couple of stakes this year by going to the front, opening up a lead and holding it. And Baeza seemed to fool some riders when he did that with Roberto in England and beat Brigadier Gerard. It can be done. But it is not likely at Longchamp, which is probably the toughest racecourse in the world." Penna wasn't touting San San to visitors from America who dropped in for coffee or cocktails, but he did say that fillies had won seven of the 50 previous Arcs, a high proportion considering the low number of them competing over the years. San San would carry only 118 pounds in the race compared to 121 for 3-year-old colts and 132 pounds for older horses. This was a plus not to be disregarded.

Then came a setback. Four days before the Arc, Cruguet went down in a spill at Saint-Cloud, cracking a bone in his right hand. Youthful Freddy Head was named to take his place. Opinion was divided as to whether this would help or hinder the filly, but long before the Longchamp crowd of 60,000 sent her off unfancied on Sunday she had been dismissed by knowledgeable horsemen because of her racing style. She comes with a rush at the end, from far off the pace. In a crowded Arc field there were 19 starters—the tardy San San figured to lose an impossible amount of ground.

The U.S. riders were drilled in the intricacies of the Longchamp course, with its hills, right-hand downhill turn and long (three-eighths of a mile) stretch. Baeza on Roberto had been beaten by Hard to Beat at the track some weeks before and he told Cruguet it wouldn't happen again. (So far it hasn't, as this time Roberto was seventh, Hard to Beat eighth.) Mrs. Ogden Phipps put Pincay

continued

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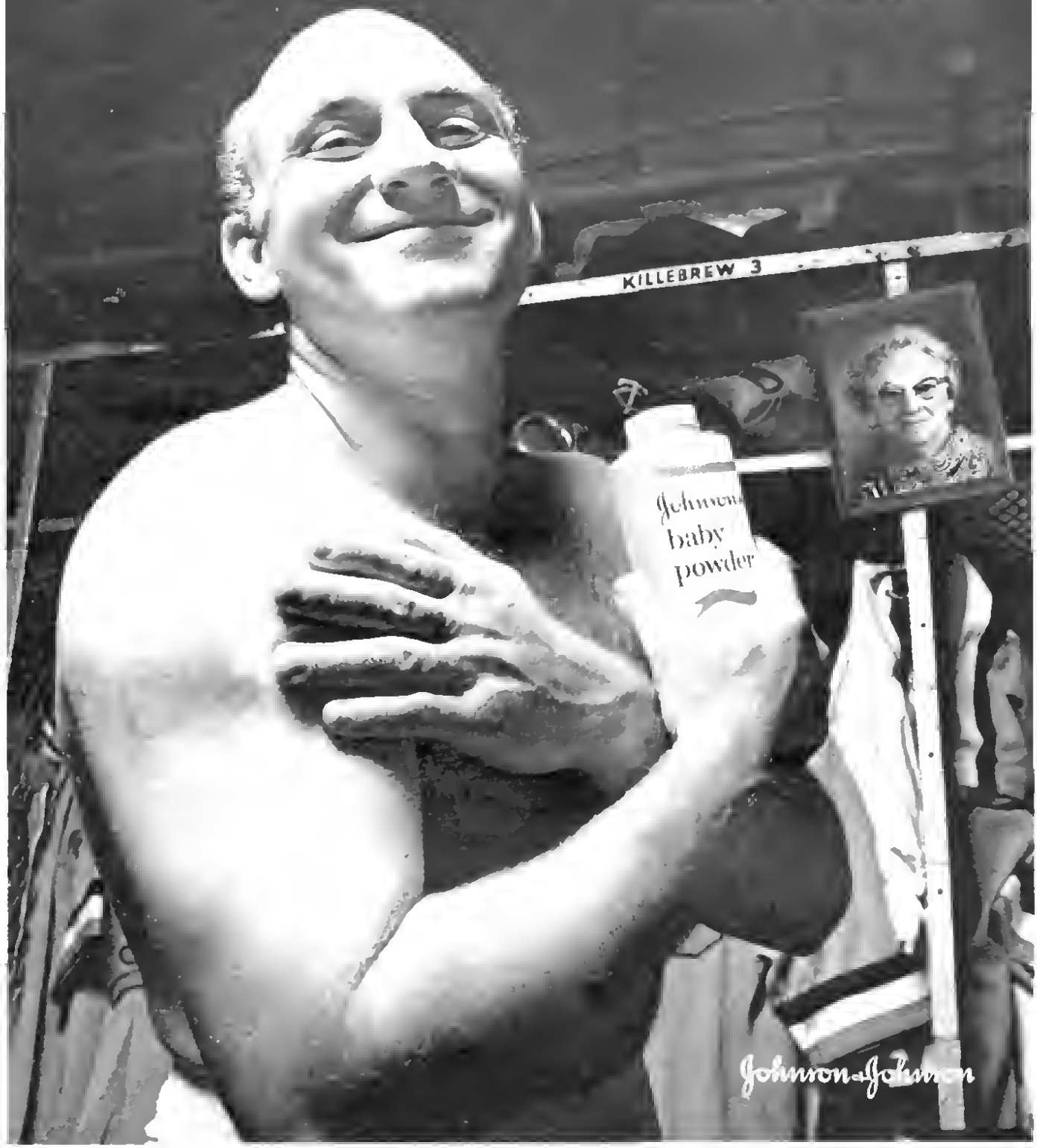

up on a 2-year-old filly named Snobhishness the day before the Arc to give him a ride over the course. The filly ran a respectable third despite Pincay's cap tumbling over his eyes in the stretch. Later, as he sipped a drink in the paddock bar, Pincay could not find fault with the track. "I was doing fine," he said, "until somebody shut me off coming down the hill." The Panamanian-born jockey was warned not to expect any hospitable treatment in the Arc. "Position all the way is very important here, I know," he said. "They tell me be in the first six down the hill and let the horse do the rest. I know I'll get position with Boucher, but what happens after that is up to him."

When the tapes went up in the Arc, Baeza assured himself of position immediately by sending Roberto flying into the lead. Piggott, on Hard to Beat, was sixth as the field went up the hill behind Le Petit Bois, and Pincay and Boucher were right alongside. Freddy Head and San San had but three horses beaten as the field disappeared from view. At the crest of the hill it was still Roberto, followed by Regal Exception, Sharapour, Parnell, Hard to Beat and then Boucher. Pincay moved into fourth coming down the hill—an ideal spot if the horse would do the rest. Way back, still with only four horses beaten, were San San and Rescousse, looking hopelessly out of contention.

On the turn for home Roberto was finally challenged, first by Homeric and then by Boucher. The former put his head in front briefly, the latter never could quite do it. Now, with just two furlongs to go, the fillies came threading their way neatly through and around the tiring pack. Head moved San San skillfully to the far outside and took the lead with barely a furlong and a half to go. Saint-Martin drove Rescousse in a desperate chase after her. In the rush to overtake Homeric, San San bumped that colt, but not sufficiently to warrant a disqualification. San San's winning time of 2:28.3 tied the track record set last year by Mill Reef, who suffered a near-fatal training injury just two months ago.

It was a great day for American-breds, who finished first, fourth, fifth and seventh. It was an even better day for fillies. The only three in the race finished first, second and fourth.

Countess Batthyany, who collected 1,415,250 francs ($283,000), exclaimed as she was congratulated by French racing chief Marcel Boussac, "One doesn't have a day like this very often, does one?" Admitted Penna, at last, "Well, let's say I thought all along I had a small chance. Now I'd like to run the filly in the International at Laurel. Besides, I want to see our friends in America." The trainer, who has now won six stakes in France this year, smiled and gave Elinor a big hug. The $1,000 fridge had come in very handy for chilling the victory champagne. END

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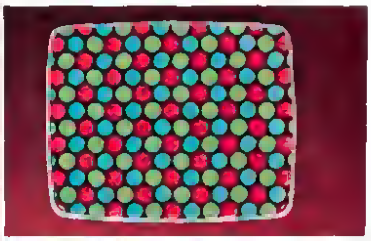

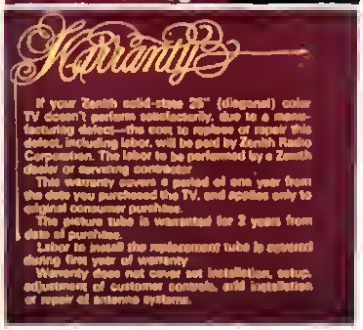

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BAD IS BEAUTIFUL

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Presenting Ilie Nastase, paradox from Rumania: at most times a joyous companion, bon vivant and ladies' man, but with a racket in his hand a rascal—a baiter of opponents and officials alike

It is a basic matter of record that bad has always been better than good. Bad has more substance, more technique, more style, more noise, color and taste, more imagination, more passion, more variety and more of whatever there remains to sink one's teeth into. It seems only appropriate that commentators from Walt Whitman to Longfellow to John the Apostle have spoken of the condition as inherent in our species. "All men are bad and in their badness reign," is what Shakespeare wrote in a sonnet. It comes as no particular surprise, then, that bad currently seems to be in a lot more demand than good. And reigning, too.

Among recent fun people who have ingrained themselves in American pop culture just by hanging around being bad are Clifford Irving, Jane Fonda, Mick Jagger, Ben the movie-star rat and a whole flock of sports boys who talk a lot, don't talk at all, fight in bars, refuse to fight in wars, kiss girls, pop pills, smoke weed, drink alcohol, change their name, demand money, jump teams, flay the citizenry and boogaloo to Francis Scott Key. Now we're really talking bad.

All the same, men such as Muhammad Ali, Joe Namath, Dick Allen, Duane Thomas, Bobby Fischer and Derek Sanderson make

continued

the world of sport seem somewhat more logical and realistic when they descend from their false pedestals and are shown, as they have been, to share the discipline lacks, hangups and crazies that burden us all in one way or another.

The game of tennis has always been a haven of gentility in this world, a place where customs die slowly and manners are as important as physical skill. Bad takes different configurations in tennis. Bad is a momentary glance, an offhand remark, a kick of the foot, a wave of the arm, a delay, a stance, a stare. As a result, most of tennis' historical bad boys never would have been able to cut the mustard as evil characters in our other vicious, insensitive games. Bad in tennis was always only semibad. Which is why the game's newest, baddest star is such a refreshing personality.

At home Lieut. Nastase smiles in uniform and at the symbol of his onetime dream of fame in soccer.

Ilie Nastase, a 26-year-old, 6′, 175-pound Rumanian, is a man for tennis' time. He is just the person needed to crush old molds, outsmart hoary conventions and even break the austere rules that have held the game back from that one crucial, giant step to total public acceptance and the big time.

He is a nonpareil showman, an utterly exasperating gamesman, a pouting, crying genius with a racket in his hand and a curse on his lips. He is a magnificent *enfant terrible* any self-respecting sport would be glad to call its own. At a given moment Nastase will out-charisma Ali, outsex Namath, out-temperament Fischer and out-bad anybody you care to suit up. He is the first Iron Curtain athlete ever to make this kind of an impact on world sport, and his potential is unmatched anywhere. He is the Wimbledon runner-up, the U.S. Open champion, the Grand Prix point leader and the winner of over $100,000 for the season. This weekend in his hometown of Bucharest only a minor miracle can stop him from leading his team and a worshipful country to victory over the U.S. in the Davis Cup. At the top of the tennis world, bad looks to be reigning once again. This fall Ilie has it all.

In Rumania, the name Ilie (rhymes with Billy) is a common one, derived from St. Ilie, who sits on the right hand of God and causes things to happen. St. Ilie paints it dark or light, makes it rain or pour and rolls back the thunder ("He figures it to go boom," says Nastase). The surname (pronounced Nas-taz-ee) is more of a rarity in Bucharest, more Italian than Rumanian. It has no special meaning the way most Rumanian names do except to convey possible explanations about Ilie, his personality and his Roman ways. On the birth and government papers of Ilie's father the name is spelled with an i instead of an e—Nastasi. On his own papers Ilie's name has the e. He does not know the reason for the difference.

Ilie's mother says that on the day her son was born the sky was not blue. It was yellow as it had never been before. She says that Ilie was a child without luck for whom it would be very hard to succeed. She says he was sickly and continued to be for several years. She says he was moody early, covered with the shadows of the yellow sky, and would be forever. Though one can hardly imagine a man of such lighthearted manner and obvious relish for the play of life being anything other than a child of azure, perhaps his mother was somewhat prophetic.

When her son is on the court the skies do become yellow and his acute feel for mischief controls the mood. This feel, this constant reach for trickery, guile and the other fine weapons of gamesmanship, infuriates opponents and, more often than not, provokes crowds. At the same time it has propelled Nastase into countless disputes and altercations from which he always manages to emerge unscathed and joyous.

If Nastase were Br'er Rabbit, controversy would be his briar patch. If you're looking for trouble, you've come to the right place, he seems to be saying. In reality, trouble is a piece of the game for him; it is a vital part of life. "Why they talk me all the time, babee?" he asks in happy, lilting English, a speech pattern that is broken into the pleasant Latinate sounds of his Rumanian accent. His use of the English language is devoid of almost all prepositions and articles as well as many forms of the verb "to be." His slang—"babee," "shudup"—is impeccable. "Why they listen me and nobody else and ask me behave? What is behave? Every player like this, not only me, babee. We all nervous, all temperament, all crazy."

Much of the time, of course, Nastase is putting on even when he is explaining about putting on. In the three years that he has been playing in the U.S. he has learned to handle the language well and knows "what is behave." When subjects of a sensitive nature—for instance, his court deportment, Rumanian politics or the amount of money he makes—threaten to rear their ugly heads his English sud-

denly becomes halting, his face takes on a bewildered expression and it is time to move on to other things: girls, music, the art of tennis. Despite his declarations to the contrary, Nastase knows what is misbehave

Generally speaking, this slump-shouldered, sloe-eyed, handsome man has dominated the international circuit for the past few years mainly through outrageous histrionics rather than by his natural racket flair or any degree of consistent winning. He has filled tournaments on four continents with bizarre, funny and sometimes unfortunate moments better suited to something out of *opéra bouffe* than to tennis competition. Here is Nastase disputing line calls. There, arguing with umpires and spectators. Here, engaging in sit-down delays. Nastase glares and makes notorious gestures. He mimics opponents' styles and mistakes. He imitates all manner of jungle noises and animal habits in explanation of how and what the man across the net is doing. At the same time that he is taunting and infuriating everyone, Nastase is joking and laughing it up much like the cute and horrid little boy who spoils the birthday party even as he blows out the candles.

In Los Angeles Ilie smiles with his real fiancée, Dominique Grazia

In Monte Carlo, Nastase and his massive, hirsute countryman, Ion Tiriac (from whom he learned practically his entire act—the act originated with Tiriac, the obnoxiousness is Nastase's own contribution), were defaulted once in a doubles match because of their continued whining and bad attitude. They calmly walked off the court but then refused to play their quarterfinals singles matches the next day. "No doubles, no singles," they chorused. Quickly, they were reinstated in the doubles by tournament officials. It was a nice power play but hardly one approved by advocates of fair treatment

In Richmond, angered by line calls and lost momentum, Nastase sat down and refused to continue his match against Charlie Pasarell. Fifteen minutes later he was finally coaxed back onto the court, about the time Pasarell's back muscles had stiffened up from the delay. Pasarell not only lost the match but was unable to play for four days afterward. "It was the only time I've ever wanted to punch a guy who beat me," he says.

In Paris, Nastase persuaded the umpire to address him as "Mr. Nastase" in a match with Cliff Richey. He proceeded to grunt barnyard sounds in an impersonation of Richey's efforts. He called Richey "an-ee-mal, an-ee-mal" and then said to him, "Richey, you wonder why they not call you mister like me? Because you not gentleman, Richey. You an-ee-mal." The two have barely spoken since.

At the Royal Albert Hall in London, Nastase's mimicry angered Clark Graebner to such an extent that the American climbed across the net, grabbed Nastase by the shirtfront and threatened to crack open his head with the racket. Nastase later defaulted, claiming he was "physically terrified." Graebner was silently acclaimed as a savior by touring pros everywhere.

In Nice during a mixed doubles match Nastase blasted two volleys that knifed into the back of Gail Chanfreau, who was trying to escape on the other side. The first one was a mistake, he said. So was the second one. Trembling and in tears, Chanfreau hurled her racket at Nastase's head, but it missed, just flashing by his modishly clipped bangs. "I want her defaulted," he screamed. "I want him defaulted," she screamed. Neither was. Later, Jean Baptiste Chanfreau, Gail's husband, confronted Nastase. "You do these avair again," warned the Frenchman, "I keel you."

At Wimbledon in his final, losing effort to Stan Smith, Nastase regarded his racket strings as too tight and bellowed to his Italian mentor, Michele Brunetti, sitting in the stands, for a new one. His noisy exhibition continued for two sets—transfixing the shocked British populace—before he settled down to play brilliantly.

At Forest Hills, while defeating Arthur Ashe for the championship, Nastase threw a towel at a service-line judge, slammed a ball at him and then whipped an unmistakable finger move on the crowd. He was booed with venom.

Despite all of the commotion he has caused, Nastase has added so much color and excitement to tournament tennis that vast majorities of spectators forgive his emotional displays and prefer to sit back and enjoy his athletic work. Most players, too, admit that off the court he is a joyous social companion and that it is impossible to remain angry with him for very long. There is evidence, moreover, that Nastase's presence has opened up the game for a broad audience to whom his style is especially appealing. Within the past few weeks as he has performed in America's population meccas of New York and Los Angeles, many denizens of the inner city core have watched him on television and in person and come to the conclusion that for the first time tennis has a player with soul.

"This cat is so funky I don't even believe it," says Mike Warren, a former UCLA basketball star and now a Hollywood actor and rabid tennis fan. "These guys who moan and complain about his routines are going after him all wrong. They're trying to give him their gentleman role and stay polite and the cat is beating their brains out with ghetto tennis. You think he's got some blood in him? I go crazy over the cat. He must be a blood."

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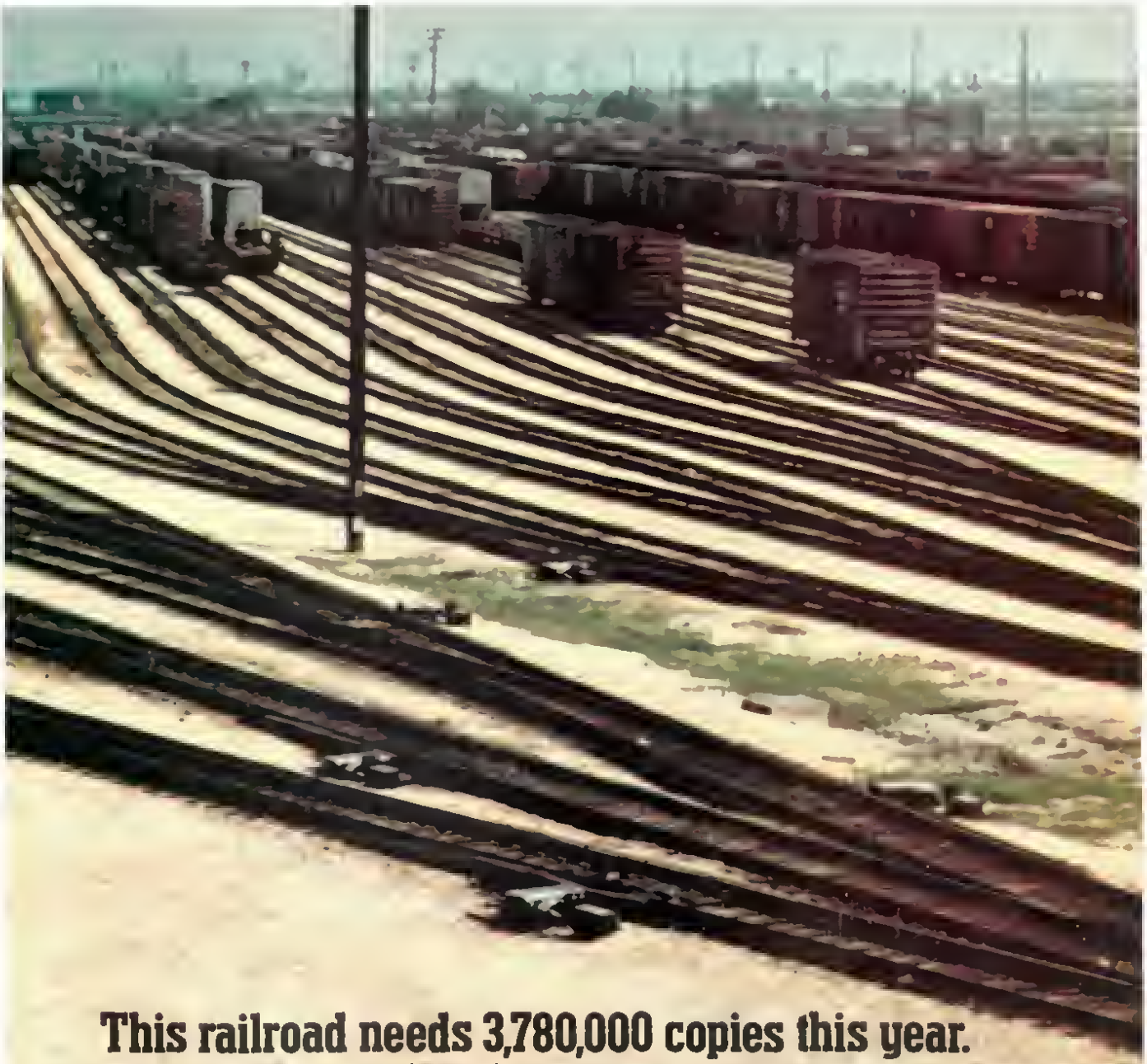

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BAD *continued*

Ilie Nastase says he would do anything to make it to the top. "I was always rather nasty," he says. "I willing to be friends with devil just to cross the bridge."

From the beginning, he says, he was a bad child. He didn't use slingshots to hit kittens but he did play soccer in the streets from morning to night and he did make his mother cry for "several years in row." He had three sisters and one brother, all older, and the family lived on the grounds of Bucharest's Progresul Sports Club where the Rumanian Davis Cup team was to play all of its home matches in the years to come.

Nastase's father was a bank cashier and brother Costel a promising national tennis player when Ilie was a little boy. He is positively lyrical in his remembrances of those days. "I was thin and raggedy, nobody bother with me much, a restless soul," says Nastase. "I had chest like chicken and legs like matchsticks in the cartoons. The tennis racket was always too heavy for me. And I always think more about soccer than tennis anyway."

Home was a flea market for tennis. Dead balls, old rackets, sneakers stained with sweat, socks with holes, towels. "My brother was always restringing and my sister Cornelia was hitting balls against the wall when I came out of house," he says. "Hundreds of players were on courts of Progresul. I don't care much for game. All I care was for glasses of lemonade close to nets.

"One day, I think eight years old, my brother saw my shots, next morning he slap me around, tell me play with him. I hate to play, but I want him have to work hard. I made him play heart out to beat me. An uncle kept me at game by giving me candy and jelly beans to stay on court hitting balls. You see, I was professional way back then. I know I lucky to grow up with sound of balls hitting rackets, smell of freshly sprinkled courts at four in morning, I learn everything by looking."

In 1959, in the handsome university town of Cluj, Nastase won the National Boys Title, concluding the match with a stop volley that twisted away from his opponent and nearly landed on Nastase's own side of the net. The crowd laughed. "I so happy to entertain them," he said. The next day he served as ball boy in the Rumanian men's final, which Tiriac won for the first of a record eight consecutive years. Or until Nastase finally took it from him in 1967.

Up to 1966 there were flashes of talent. Then Nastase beat Marty Riessen in Cairo, Jan Kodes in Paris and, in his first appearance at Wimbledon, lost to Thomas Koch of Brazil when he committed 32 foot faults and dropped the last two sets at love. Tiriac had long since taken the volatile youngster under his wing. The two combined to make a formidable doubles team ("If I accept having to play with a fanatic of your caliber," Tiriac told Nastase,

continued

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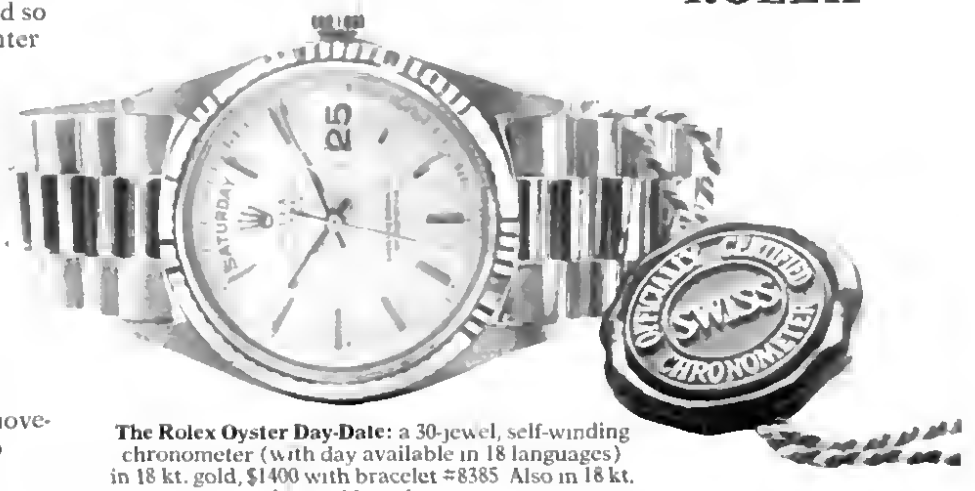

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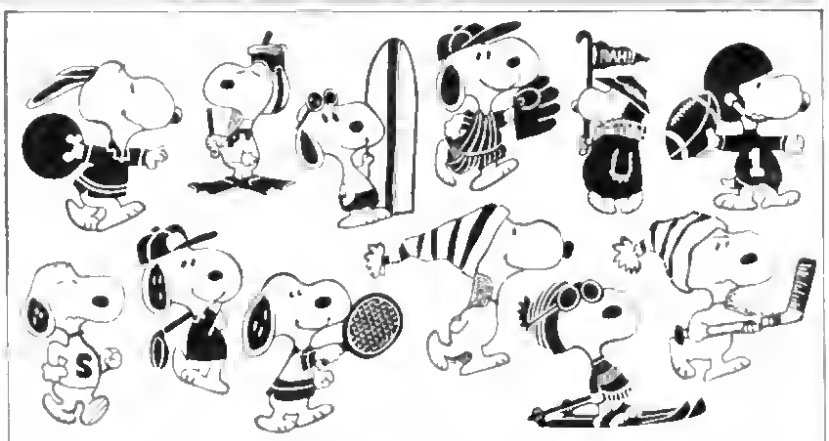

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BAD

"I have nobody to blame but myself."

Fortunately for Nastase, Tiriac has been with him all along, guiding the way over the rough spots of new lands, different languages, puzzling experiences, emotional traumas and shifty financial vultures. A storybook character in his own right, the popular Tiriac came out of the same mountain neighborhood of Brasov where Count Dracula was originally presented to the world. He never lets anybody forget it. "Yes, I am brother of Dracula," he will intone in a marvelous Carpathian growl. Normally this is followed by the astonishing spectacle of Tiriac ferociously butting his head into the head of whomever he is greeting ("Old Rumanian welcome," he says) and eating sumptuously from a feast of broken glass. "I not really crazy," he says. "Maybe just little bit."

Tiriac has been all over the world representing his country both in tennis and, before that, as an ice hockey defenseman. He played against the U.S. in the 1964 Olympics. Once, in Moscow meeting the Russians, he was jeered and set upon, as he explains it, by one entire section of the stadium. "I break my stick in two piece," says Tiriac. "I face the crowd. I scream out, 'O.K., who is first?' A pause. More pause. Nobody move. Is good thing. Is old Rumanian proverb. 'Better your mother to weep than my mother to weep.'"

Last year, following their second failure in the Davis Cup, a 280-page book about the lives of Nastase and Tiriac was published in Rumania to capitalize on the interest in the sport that the two men have aroused. Entitled *Ar Fi Fost Prea Frumos . . .* (It Would Have Been Beautiful . . .), presumably if they had won the cup, the book sells for 8.5 lei—51 cents—and the first edition remained in the bookstores for only a day and a half. It has sold more than 100,000 copies and the author, Ion Chirita, has made enough in royalties to buy a new car, a considerable luxury in Rumania.

In several excerpts from the book, Nastase explains his feeling for the game. "For me, tennis is the art of doing something your opponent never expects," he says. "How wonderful it is to look over after smashing the ball he cannot see and watch as he cannot move and seems split in half.

"My main weapon," he goes on, "is the element of surprise. I want to play the game inside out and upside down if

continued

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possible. I want to attack the rules of tennis and protect myself against rules at the same time. This may be a childish plan but this is it.

"Sometimes I feel like tap-dancing, screeching, unscrewing light bulbs, pulling curtains, combing hair, doing knee-bends, handstands and turning somersaults out there. I have no patience. I want the contest to be one yard from the net. To not have the time to pass the racket from one side to the other. To play until my opponent and I fall down with exhaustion. To beat him and then embrace."

Probably the closest Nastase has ever come to being embraced by an opponent was when Graebner came to the brink of maiming him at the Royal Albert Hall last January. Nastase always has had trouble beating Graebner and the two had clashed before. This particular act started after Nastase hit a net cord winner that Graebner just failed to reach. The umpire, however, ruled that the ball girl had mysteriously run into the doubles lane and had caught the shot before Graebner had a fair chance, a let was called. Nastase reacted with fury. "No play two, my point," he shouted. The decision stood.

Graebner went on to win the game and, as the two changed sides, Nastase began his routine. He had some neat words for Graebner, some hand signs for the umpire and other things for the crowd. As he was preparing to serve, Nastase looked up and saw Graebner at the net motioning him to come forward. The Rumanian went ahead and served into the empty court, then mimicked his opponent by motioning Graebner to come to him.

Graebner jumped the net, grabbed Nastase by the shirt and said, in the words of the Rumanian, "You not doing me what you did Richey in Paris, bastard. You cut this out or I crash your head."

They played out the set, during which Nastase did not win another game. Graebner rifled a couple of forehands into the audience, the ball girls cowered in terror, and the umpire lost all track of scoring. Luckily, the tension did not last much longer, for Nastase abruptly quit, saying he felt "threatened."

Graebner will not discuss the incident publicly, claiming that it is "water under the bridge" and that now the two are friends who will play doubles together this winter. But Nastase still insists he was wronged.

"Everyone say I hassle, hassle, hassle," he says. "What is hassle? This not hassle. This preparation. I learn such preparation from Tiriac. Most players humorous fellows. They take joke. I call South African players 'racists.' All time, 'racists.' They laugh. I call Godzilla Smith, Negroni Ashe, Cheese Omelet Okker. The Dutch, all they have is cheese. They all laugh. I say to little Jimmy Connors at Wimbledon, 'Hey, babee, you bring your mommy with you today? You hold her hand?' Connors laugh. This all preparation. Australians used to do it me. But Graebner and an-ee-mal Richey, they no take joke. No sense humor."

Through the years tennis has had more than its share of bad actors and zany incidents. Frank Kovacs, a tall eccentric who played in the 1930s and '40s, had a backhand to match the great Don Budge but he wasted his talent. Airplanes flying overhead were enough to make him quit in the middle of a match. Too heavy nap on the balls caused him to protest by inserting them one at a time between his teeth and gnawing away. Wayne Sabin used to throw his racket high into the seats so he could rest during the interval it took the ball boys to fetch it. Once Sabin accidentally, or maybe not, upset a pitcher of water all over his opponent's favorite racket. And Bobby Riggs was renowned as a stall artist who could con linesmen and quick-serve with the best of the cuties.

More recently, there have been Art Larsen, Dennis Ralston, Bob Hewitt and the fearsome Pancho Gonzales. Gonzales says facing the antics of Nastase would not bother him. "The quality players don't get upset by his stuff," Pancho says. "After all, he acts up on only a few points during a match and that isn't the difference between winning and losing. They only bitch because he's winning. Let 'em scream. This guy is top dog now, he's beautiful. The only pity is he hasn't done enough with the talent he has. If he bears down and makes the normal progress, he could be unbeatable for the next five years."

For a long time Nastase was regarded only in the tradition of emotionally vulnerable Europeans who permitted bad calls, bounces, weather and every

continued

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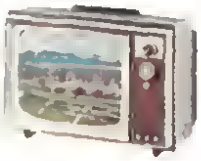

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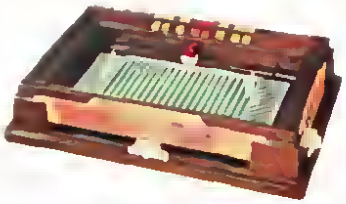

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BAD

other element of fate to upset their rhythm and destroy their game. "It is a European syndrome we look for," says Ashe. "Europeans are just that way. One bad call early in a match and it completely sways their concentration. They think the whole world is against them and they're easy because then they've got excuses. They have found a way out."

Nastase squandered his remarkable talents along these lines even while he was making a name for himself. Temperament always was his natural foe, and his game, based on electric speed and wristy spin, was considered too mechanically unsound to get him very far in the big grass tournaments. His second serve was weak, his volley not piercing and his passing shots inconsistent. He was, as Jack Kramer says, "a fly swatter flailing at the ball all the time."

Probably it was just about a year ago that Nastase came to that crucial point in a career when a man has to decide how much it is worth and whether he wants to pay. He had had a wondrous spring and summer with victories in Omaha, Hampton, Nice, Monte Carlo, Istanbul and the Swedish Open as well as runner-up finishes in Madrid, Brussels and the French Open. He had gone unbeaten in 12 singles matches in Davis Cup competition, and had again reached the final round with Piriac, this time to face Smith in the opening singles match at Charlotte, N.C. Nastase lost the first five games and it looked like a rout until the Rumanian rallied to win the next five and corner Smith at 0–40 in the 11th game. Then suddenly Smith won the next five points, the set 7-5 and the match 7-5, 6-3, 6-1.

Frank Froehling's courageous comeback against Piriac in the next singles match was the key to the ultimate 3-2 victory of the U.S., but it was Nastase whose performance caused commotion in Europe, once again he had shunned tough combat in an important match. The Rumanian contingent was furious. Prior to Charlotte, Nastase had disdained much practice time to visit a girl across the ocean. And then came the ultimate collapse.

Though it wasn't noticeable at the time, Nastase's performances since Charlotte indicate that some sort of turning point had been reached deep inside. Later in the year he went on to finish second to Smith in Grand Prix points. He beat Smith to win a special Grand Prix

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round robin in Paris. And he recorded a stirring upset at Wembley when he ran through Roy Emerson and John Newcombe and, in the final, came from behind to destroy Rod Laver.

"I think it was right then he realized he could be a great player," says Kramer, "and a lot of people changed their own minds about him. He settled down at Wembley, did some hard concentrating, played tactical, intelligent tennis. And he didn't clown or do all the complaining. When you beat Laver you deserve to start thinking good things about yourself. Nastase has enough talent to go as far as he wants to go in this game."

It is Kramer's judgment, confirmed by others, that in the important competitions against honored sportsmen such as Laver, Newcombe and Smith, Nastase finally gets down to the solid, nononsense tennis he leaves out of his other matches. When he respects the man on the opposite side who is imperturbable, it rubs off. No less important is Nastase's awe of such competitors even now, in the glow of his newfound confidence. Nastase's admiration for the Australian name players touches on reverence; at Wimbledon one day he was observed tugging at a friend's sleeve and pointing excitedly as Newcombe strolled by. After the tournament had concluded, he flew to Sweden where he would play doubles with Neale Fraser, the former Wimbledon champion. "At Heathrow airport Ilie ordered pastry for me, pushed my baggage cart and wanted to do everything but shine my shoes," says Fraser. "Here was a guy who had just gone through a fantastic Wimbledon and was waiting on me like a servant and thanking me for agreeing to play doubles when I was the one who should have been apologizing for wanting to set foot on the same court with him. I really believe it was all out of respect for my name. He knew I had won at Wimbledon and he had just discovered how hard that is. He was like a little kid. It was amazing."

There is a streak of something like modesty in Nastase's makeup. He spurned a $115,000 contract offer from Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis group last winter for several reasons, not the least of which was his firm, if mistaken, belief that he is not in the same class with the top pros. Also he would not have received permission from the government-controlled Rumanian

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BAD *continued*

Tennis Federation even if he had wanted it.

Nastase's American agent, Bill Riordan, promoter of an independent U.S. indoor circuit and a staunch enemy of Hunt, had advised his star not to join WCT. Furthermore, after Riordan's urging (widely criticized by those interested in seeing him play against the best), Nastase recently again turned down a chance to play the WCT circuit this coming season. On the weaker tour he will, of course, make good money, win his share of tournaments and not have to extend himself day in and day out. But is Nastase copping out?

"With the peace settlement and all the contracts drying up, I he would be a fool to go WCT now," says Ashe. "Except he'll have to live with himself knowing he's doing it the easy way and not proving anything."

But Nastase has his own reasons and for the moment—some patience. "I just know it not very nice put pressure on me all time to join WCT," he says. "It's just winter I am not playing against best players. I play them in big ones still. Italy, Paris, Forest Hills, Wimhledon. Is enough. I don't want play so many good men right in row. Is tough. Winning hig tournaments only way to prove something anyway. What means I win WCT in Oslo? Nobody ever hear of that.

"This is another class of players we talking about, babee. Laver, whew. Rosewall, whew. Even if I beat them, still there is something more special they have over me and other guys. I not have enough to be like them. I really feel this difference—I played them and I know.

"I have now arrived to approach the great ones. Can beat many aces of tennis. For them my victories not any more such great surprise. Laver knows everything, though, equally great in all aspects. Missing ball doesn't hother him a hit even though he may want to break racket in his hand. Myself, I cannot control. I feel blood rising to my head when I miss one. If I am to beat Laver and the rest I need to hit ball better and control my hlood. Listen, babee. Why should I play WCT without guarantee now? I doing fine the way it is. I would not always get seed in WCT. Then what happens if I draw Laver second round couple of times, or maybe Newcombe? I no eat. I feel this way about contracts. When their contracts expire, I not believe Laver and Rosewall play without guarantees, either. I wait while for to get better. I want year. Maybe then I play whole time."

Quickness and daring, creative shot selection, and a hackhand topspin passing hullet that is nearly impossihle to return mark Nastase's technique. But he seems to be on the threshold of something more. Tennis being a game of mistakes, the power players—Kramer, Gonzales, Laver—have always used the hig serve and volley to force opponents into errors that were made while trying to keep the power snhdued.

Nastase's ahility makes possible an entirely different scheme. "It's a new idea," says Kramer. "He is so fast and passes on the run so well that he gets the power guy at the net thinking he's got to hit supervolleys every time or else Nasty will run them down and pass him. Players aren't willing to be careful with him, they think they have to hit winners all the time. He forces a lot of errors just hy being so quick."

There is nothing classical ahout the style. Nastase has never hit the hall hard. And rarely has he ever hit it on balance. Like most Europeans, he was hrought up on clay and taught to just get the hall into play on service and then start the point from there. He has a tendency to serve "lollipops" hut the hall is thrown up in such a way (far out front of his hody) and the racket motion is such a quick last-second flick of the wrist that his serve becomes very difficult to follow. Ashe concedes it takes him a very long time in a match before he picks up Nastase's serve coming off the racket; Tom Gorman, who has never beaten the Rumanian, says he has yet to pick it up.

On defense Nastase is just as deceptive. He receives service far behind the baseline and is actually retreating (rather than advancing) as he hits the ball. His returns and ground strokes, struck again from far out front, are mostly topspin and they float on occasion, making him susceptihle to a solid volley game. Nevertheless, opponents seem unwilling to crowd him enough or close in hard because his ability to turn offhalance gets into passing winners.

"He may not look it, but he's quicker than Okker. He's quicker than anybody," says Fred Stolle. "And it's not scramhling. The guy never scrambles. It's not much anticipation, either. It's

just all zoom. He doesn't seem to be trying. He doesn't do much on the volley, either. Then all of a sudden he's there. He's always there."

"Nasty doesn't really have a weakness," says Ashe, "because he is so dependent on speed, timing, his hands and his athleticism. He doesn't have many bad days with all that going. But his general game could be torn to shreds by controlled power, by a Newcombe or a Rosewall with his accuracy. Nasty sometimes takes too long to end points on fast surfaces and that would hurt him on our tour."

On any tour the standard criterion for comparing players of different styles and eras is how good were they at the top of their game? How tough on their best day? Who would you take for one match? Almost always, general agreement favors Lew Hoad, the blond strongboy from Sydney who won the major titles during the 1950s and who now coaches the Spanish Davis Cup team from his tennis resort near Malaga. For one match Lew Hoad himself says he would take, first, Lew Hoad and, second, Ilie Nastase.

These days, the quicksilver messenger from Rumania is beginning to throw off the claims of other pursuits that have partially curtailed his concentration on the game. Those pursuits—all of them—being girls. At his initiation into the jet-set atmosphere of international tennis he was already an attractive, eligible romantic who drew young things to him with a single glance. Since then, a smoky, dramatic air has fallen about Nastase, a sultry electricity that he never fails to promote to full effect, from Stockholm to Salisbury, Md.

On his very first passage through U.S. customs in 1969 Nastase succeeded in making a date with an American stewardess despite an English vocabulary consisting almost wholly of the words "honey" and "fiancée." Since then, he has introduced to the other players on the tour more of his "fiancees" than Tommy Manville ever thought of. Asked last year in Bastad at the Swedish Open why he did not have any regular "fiancee" along with him, Nastase replied, "Foolish fool. You do not bring buckets of water to the sea."

Much of this play-action will soon come to an end. In December, Nastase is to be married to Dominique (Niki) Grazia, a stunning dark-haired model from Brussels who—it seems unanimous—has the deepest, largest, brownest pools of eyes ever seen on any tennis circuit at any time. The daughter of a wealthy banker, Dominique met Nastase at Forest Hills last year and they cooed at the Hippopotamus until dawn. She is a strong-willed, intelligent young woman who seems to have the bubbling Nastase wrapped around her finger. "I am the real fiancee," she says, pointing to her own ring that Ilie wears. "From now on everything is tennis." After the wedding the couple will move into a new home Nastase is building in the immaculate lake district of Floreasca on the outskirts of Bucharest.

The success of the past few years seems to have affected Nastase only in his relations with Tiriac, who broke off their tour doubles partnership prior to Wimbledon this June. Tiriac cited his own age (33) and the fact that Nastase was no longer interested in trying to win in doubles. (The two still play Davis Cup doubles together and both are very much interested in winning this week.)

"I think time arrive when Ilie be big boy and go on his own," Tiriac says. "I never let him down in my life in tennis or anything. But I expected him tell me when he wanted to try hard and when not. Very few matches he fight to win doubles. I realize he big star now. But sometimes I feel like dog trainer who teach dog manners and graces. Then just when you think dog know how should act with nice qualities, dog make puddle and all is wasted."

Still Tiriac, like everyone else Nastase touches, cannot help but be charmed by him most of the time. Nastase has never mourned a defeat for more than a few minutes—even at Wimbledon, where he laughingly swept his way through adoring crowds who mobbed him an hour after he had lost the biggest tournament in the world. Tennis is a fancy with him, life a whirl, and even if he is enjoying such a fairy-tale existence to excess, as one cynic points out, "because he knows what the alternative is back behind the Curtain," that is his privilege.

So Ilie Nastase is just some country Communist hot dog lucky enough to have Dominique, money, soul, all that fun and all those marvelous shots. So tennis is just some sport lucky enough to have him. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 3-9

BASEBALL—OAKLAND, behind the three-hit pitching of John (Blue Moon) Odom, took a 2-0 lead in the American League playoffs by defeating Detroit 5-0. In the first game the A's *came from behind* in the 11th inning for a 3-2 victory over the Tigers, who won the East Division title in a year-end showdown series with the Boston Red Sox. The National League playoff was tied at a game apiece as PITTSBURGH won the opening game 5-1 and CINCINNATI the second 5-3 *(page 28)*.

PRO FOOTBALL—AFC: MIAMI took a two-game lead in the Eastern Division with a 27-17 victory over the sputtering New York Jets. Bob Griese completed 15 of 27 passes for 220 yards and nine touchdowns. Larry Csonka rushed for 102 yards and Jim Kiick scored twice as the Dolphins, pro football's only undefeated team, let the Jets have it from all sides. Baltimore, no longer invincible at home, gave one away to SAN DIEGO 23-20. The Colts led 20-10 in the fourth quarter and even intercepted two passes in the period, but they also fumbled *three times and the Chargers turned all three into* scores. The tying and winning points came on Dennis Partee field goals—one from 40 yards with 2:14 remaining and another from 27 yards with four seconds to play. Mike Garrett gained 132 yards and scored the winner's two touchdowns. BUFFALO struck for 28 points in the second quarter and beat New England 38-14. CINCINNATI rookie Tommy Casanova set up the Bengals' first touchdown in nine quarters with a 37-yard punt return and later added one of 66 yards for a score in a 21-10 triumph over Denver. KANSAS CITY burned Cleveland with seven first-half turnovers and humbled the Browns 31-7. Quarterback Mike Livingston, who has not lost in 11 starts for the Chiefs, gave Len Dawson a rest and threw three touchdown passes for the second consecutive week.

NFC: WASHINGTON played a scoreless first half at home against Philadelphia before a short run by Larry Brown and a 36-yard pass from Sonny Jurgensen to Roy Jefferson put the winless Eagles away 14-0. DALLAS would not have kept pace with the Redskins if Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw hadn't mishandled a receiver's *apron in the end zone* in the last play of the game. The final score was 17-13 in favor of the Cowboys and Calvin Hill was the game's hero. He gained 135 yards, scored a touchdown and threw 55 yards to Ron Sellers for the winning points. For a while, anyway, the NEW YORK GIANTS and ST. LOUIS are within reach of the Eastern Division lead. The Giants stumped on Philadelphia 27-12 Monday night on four touchdowns by Ron Johnson and then came home to annihilate New Orleans 48-21 on three more by Fullback Charlie Evans and three scoring passes from Norm Snead. The Cardinals, Gary Cuozzo *who used to be pro football's No. 1 Buck-*up quarterback behind Joe Kapp, returned to Minnesota and beat Fran Tarkenton and the Vikings 19-17 when Fred Cox missed a last-second field goal. DETROIT's *final drive of the day* nipped Atlanta 26-23 as Steve Owens scored his second touchdown with 34 seconds left in the game. GREEN BAY remained in a tie with the Lions on the strength of rookie Chester Marcol's 37-yard field goal that beat Chicago 20-17 in the last half minute. LOS ANGELES Quarterback Roman Gabriel tossed a pair of long touchdown passes to Jack Snow in a 31-7 upset of San Francisco.

GOLF—GAY BREWER paired the fourth extra hole in the $100,000 Pacific Masters tournament in Chiba, Japan, thereby winning a playoff with Australia's David Graham and $65,000, the richest first prize in history *(page 36)*.

HARNESS RACING—SUPER BOWL ($2.20 and $2.40), driven by Stanley Dancer, became the sixth winner of harness's triple crown by winning two straight heats of the $56,240 Kentucky Futurity in Lexington despite tire blowouts in each heat.

EDDY JEFF ($4), driven by Ed Lohmeier Jr., scored his seventh consecutive pacing triumph, winning by 3½ lengths over Sharp Frenchy in the $110,000 New York Sires Stakes for 2-year-old colts and geldings at Yonkers Raceway.

HOCKEY—In an NHL debut for both teams, the ATLANTA Flames defeated the New York Islanders 3-2 on a pair of goals by Ray Comeau and Bob Leiter within 1:05 of the third period. BUFFALO handed the Flames their first loss the next night 5-3 as Gil Perreault, who quit Team Canada in Moscow to come home and get in shape, got an assist and a goal in the final period. MONTREAL Goalie Ken Dryden, himself a hero in Team Canada's series victory over the Soviet Union, went right out and turned aside 33 Minnesota shots in a 3-0 shutout. DETROIT hit the New York Rangers with four goals in the first period and coasted to a 5-3 win. Third-period goals by Keo Schinkel and Al McDonough lifted PITTSBURGH to a 4-2 victory over Los Angeles, but the Kings bounced back to defeat Boston 4-2. ST. LOUIS blew a 3-1 lead and needed Jack Egers' second goal of the game to salvage a 4-4 tie with PHILADELPHIA. Playing with six rookies in the lineup and its new coach Vic Stasiuk on the bench, VANCOUVER edged California 3-2. CHICAGO handed the Rangers a second defeat, 5-1.

HORSE RACING—SAN SAN, a 19 to 1 shot ridden by Jockey Freddy Head, won the $448,000 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris by 1½ lengths over Rescousse and Hunteric, as favored Hard To Beat and Roberto finished 11th back *(page 108)*.

LA PRIVOYANTE ($2.60), ridden by John LeBlanc, clinched the 2-year-old filly championship with her 10th straight victory, by two lengths in the $114,100 Frizette Stakes at Belmont Park.

FAME AND POWER ($10.60), with Tony Ricci aboard, coasted in a four-length victory over Gun Toter in the $79,975 Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park in Chicago.

MOTOR SPORTS—JACKIE STEWART of Scotland led all the way from the pole position to win the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, N.Y., the last race in the circuit's 12-race series. Stewart's victory over *Francois Cevert of France and Denis* Hulme of New Zealand gave him second place behind Emerson Fittipaldi of Brazil in the world drivers championship *(page 32)*.

BOBBY ALLISON, the leading NASCAR driver all the year with $218,200 won his ninth race in a Chevrolet, beating Buddy Baker's Dodge by a car length in the $123,000, 400-mile Grand National in Charlotte, N.C.

TENNIS—KEN ROSEWALL, 37, of Australia took no special pride in countryman Fred Stolle's 34th birthday, beating him 7-5, 6-1, 6-3 in the singles final of the $31,222 Tokyo World Championship Tennis tournament.

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: As manager of the Kansas City Royals, BOB LEMON, 52. The new manager, named by Owner Ewing Kauffman, is JACK McKEON, 41, from the Kansas City farm system.

FORMED: A new women's tennis tour. The Women's International Tennis Federation, after the world's top women players failed to reach agreement with the USLTA on the structure and administration of the 1972-73 tour. Among the 22 players already committed to the new group are Billie Jean King, Margaret Court, Rosemary Casals, Françoise Durr and Kerry Melville.

SIGNED: To a six-year contract with the Golden State Warriors, worth $1.4 million, RICK BARRY, 28, pro basketball's traveling superstar and the only man to lead both the NBA and ABA in scoring. In doing so, Barry cut all future ties with the New York Nets, for whom he started the last two years.

DESTROYED: DETERMINE, the first gray to win the Kentucky Derby (1954) and sire of Decidedly, the second gray to win it (1962).

CREDITS

11 J. Smit; 28 [illegible]; 29 [illegible] 30, 31 [illegible]; 34 Sa[illegible] 46-48 John Stewart; 80 Jo[illegible] 91 Tom Nebe[illegible] 92 [illegible]; 102 [illegible]; 112 113 [illegible] 114 [illegible]; 115 [illegible]; 130 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD

ROD ELKINS, 11, of Greensboro, N.C., the city's outstanding Pee Wee football player and junior division basketball player of the year, was also named all-city in baseball and won the foul shooting contest at UCLA Coach John Wooden's summer basketball camp.

BOBBY CRAWFORD, 17, a junior halfback for Northside High in Vernon, Texas, rushed for 247 yards and scored 10 touchdowns in his team's 86-0 romp over rival Estelline High. The previous week he had scored seven touchdowns against Patton Springs High.

DEE HALL, 22, of Cincinnati, bowled an 815 league series with games of 257, 279 and 279, rolling 31 strikes out of a possible 36. His league average is 235, his previous best series was 774 and he is averaging over 200 pins per game in four other city leagues.

GREG PUSEY, 19, first baseman for the Helena (Mont.) American Legion baseball team, may have answered the question of who is the next Joe DiMaggio. Pusey finished the season with a 47-game hitting streak, hit safely in 54 of 55 games and batted .375.

DR. GEORGE JOYNER, 65, of Asheboro, N.C., had a golf season to remember, making a hole in one in Spain this spring and another at his Pinewood Country Club this summer. It was there in two other rounds that he shot a 64 and a record-equaling 62 the next day.

TOM PALMER, 83, a lawyer from Kansas City, Kans., won both the Missouri State Shoot and the Veterans' Race Handicap for trapshooters over 65, scoring 188 of 200 and 96 of 100. In 68 years of shooting he has broken 50,000 targets and does not yet wear glasses.

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THE READERS TAKE OVER

Rx FOR TROUBLE

Sirs:

Hooray for men like Tom Meschery (*'There is A Disease in Sports Now . . .* Oct 2)! No one can dispute his qualifications in describing professional sports as being diseased. He's been there.

As Mr. Meschery points out, the fan encourages the plague by paying the outrageous price. Last year I received four Laker tickets ($6.25 each) as a gift. Parking ($1.65), soft drinks and popcorn brought the tab to $30. My three boys asked about attending another game. My answer was to the effect that unless I received a gift again there was no way we could attend. Enough of the ridiculous salary demands. The fan pays for them. Tom Meschery has my vote as professional of the year.

L. ALPER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Unfortunately, the same brutal honesty Tom Meschery uses to establish a devastating case against pro and college basketball's capitalistic barons also costs him his most important audience.

The players and owners are aware of the disease, so he obviously wasn't aiming his attack at them. The real target, I would think, are the parents of aspiring athletes. When he offhandedly admits that 1) "much of my thinking is socialistic" and 2) "if the players took pills, I never saw them do it and I wouldn't have tried to stop them if I had," no parent is going to understand why he shouldn't have stopped his players from breaking rules and laws. I agree with his arguments, but I fear he has alienated his audience with irrelevancies.

JERRY B. JENKINS

Carol Stream, Ill.

TENNIS, TOO

Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent article on Trinity University's Warren Woodson (*When It Comes to Winning, He's the Most*, Oct. 2). It's a fine tribute to an outstanding coach.

I feel compelled to correct one misstatement in the article, however. To my knowledge, no San Antonio businessman ever "volunteered to dig up money for grants" if our board of trustees would reverse its decision to place athletic scholarships on the basis of financial need. I did not receive even one such offer. The board decision, incidentally, was supported by both the university faculty and the student council.

E. M. Stevens provided funds for our new stadium so that the university could save the cost of renting the much larger Alamo Stadium near our campus as well as gain income from the concessions. Thus, the net cost of our program was further reduced.

Finally, as noted in the article, Trinity University indeed "is better known for tennis." In fact, Trinity is the current NCAA national champion and included four All-Americas on its team this year.

DUNCAN WIMPRESS
President, Trinity University
San Antonio

• SI Correspondent Johnny Janes, columnist for the *San Antonio Light*, insists the statement about businessmen was correct.—ED.

THE SCORE

Sirs:

Your account of the Nebraska-Army game (FOOTBALL'S WEEK, Oct. 2) was ludicrous. Bob Devaney was so "eager" to run up a score that he wouldn't allow the reserves to throw a single pass in the fourth quarter. Devaney has never run up a score in his life, and everybody knows it.

ARNOLD ZIELS

Nebraska City, Neb.

Sirs:

Nebraska 77, Army 7. Don't be surprised if this year's graduates from Nebraska's ROTC program are the first officers to be commissioned as third lieutenants.

R. W. LAMSON

Granville, Ohio

RUSSIA VS. CANADA (CONT.)

Sirs:

This week I am happy to correct SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its premature condolences to Canada (*O Canada! There Goes Another*, Sept. 25). You know by now that all Canadians are celebrating the win of Team Canada against the Russians, a brilliant team of professionals who trained long and hard before meeting the Canadians. Team Canada, composed of all-star players who had scarcely been introduced to one another before the series, had to learn to play as a team during an international tournament.

MARGARET F. SEXTON

Sydney, Nova Scotia

THE HUNTER

Sirs:

Those of us who dedicate part of our existence to hunting have to be grateful to Jose Ortega y Gasset for his *Meditations on Hunting* (Sept. 25). There is the poetry of truth in the statement "One does not hunt

continued

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in order to kill, on the [illegible] kills in order to have hunted."

In America today, however, [illegible] goes hunting in order to [illegible] the model for today's Paleolithic man seems to be the cowboy of the Wild West.

Still, it is a beautiful meditation. But one major flaw. If a man takes up his gun and goes to the mountain for the pleasure of being Paleolithic, he must complete the ritual. He must eat what he kills. Without that justification, every bit of Ortega y Gasset's argument could as easily be used to defend that other sport of aristocratic privilege, the killing of man.

JAY DILLIS

Los Gatos, Calif.

Sirs:

As a sports enthusiast and fascinated student of human nature, I enjoyed the essay on man's changing role as hunter by Jose Ortega y Gasset. However, as a professional translator seeing a job well done, I cannot help but feel that one of our profession has been shortchanged. It is not easy to be creative or imaginative within strictly defined limits, but that is a translator's goal, and one who succeeds should be duly recognized.

LYNNE M. CURTIS

Seattle

• The essay was translated by Howard B. Westcott, an assistant professor of Hispanic studies at Smith College. ED.

IMPROVING THE GAME

Sirs:

The NFL probably will do nothing regarding Tex Maule's suggestions to make pro football a better game for fans (*Time to Take Stock*, Sept. 18). All right, let's leave it up to the season-ticket holders. All the owners have to do is send us a questionnaire, along with their season-ticket bill. Let us give our opinions on such questions as a sudden-death overtime on all tie games, the two-point conversion, 25 seconds instead of 30 seconds to put the ball in play and stopping the clock on passes completed as well as incompleted.

The season-ticket holder should have some say in the betterment of the game. We are the ones who are keeping it alive.

GUST GEORGE

El Cerrito, Calif.

Sirs:

It's not only time to take stock, it's time to invest in it. Tex Maule's points have been on paper too long. Please, no more tie games in football! And 50-yard field goals should be worth more than 10-yard field goals. Let's take Mr. Maule's advice. I'm tired of kissing my sister!

LES SCHNEIDER

Los Angeles

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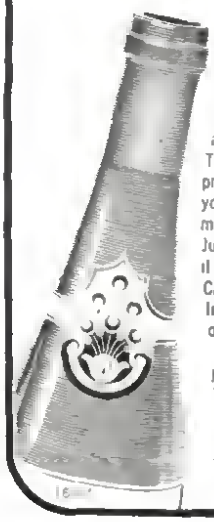

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Sirs:

If Tex Maule feels that pro football may be suffering from a lack of offensive *thrills, may* I *suggest that the NFL* take a tip from the college game, stop the clock after first downs. Checking my local paper after the first full weekend of college and pro football, I found that in the 18 college and 12 pro games listed, the colleges averaged 26% more offensive plays (141 to 112) than their professional counterparts, including 54% more rushes (100 to 65).

The pros generally have the more exciting players, but the colleges have the better game. A good deal of this must be attributed to the first-down rule, which gives colleges more of a chance to show their talent. The NFL would be wise to adopt it.

R. KEITH LAWLER

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

AT THE TOP

Sirs:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article on the U.S. Open Tennis Championships (*Nast) Heads the Boom at the Top*, Sept. 18) is an insult to Ilie Nastase. Apparently because Mr. Nastase is not Australian or Stan Smith, he does not deserve to be called the No. 1 male player in tennis. However, in my opinion, Mr. Nastase's victory over the best field in tennis this year gives him ample claim to that distinction. A look at his record confirms this fact:

Late last year Nastase won the Embassy Indoors in Wembley, England over a field containing the best independent and WCT players. In that tournament, he defeated Rod Laver in the finals. Soon afterward, he won the Pepsi Masters Grand Prix in Paris with a 6-0 record. Here he defeated Stan Smith in the final match. At Wimbledon he lost to Smith in the closest final in years. And at Forest Hills he won the premier title of the 1972 season.

If Mr. Nastase defeats Stan Smith in the Davis Cup final in Bucharest this week, perhaps Mr. Kirkpatrick will then wake up to the fact that this gifted Rumanian athlete is indeed the Mr. Tennis he has been searching for.

ALEX MCNAB

Nashville

Sirs:

The belittling way in which Curry Kirkpatrick wrote about the women at Forest Hills, especially Ms. Billie Jean King, is an affront to all women who are striving for equal rights.

If the women's pro tour ever needs someone to picket a tournament that does not offer the women substantial prize money, I will be happy to volunteer.

DAPHNE GEMMILL

Charlottesville, Va.

continued

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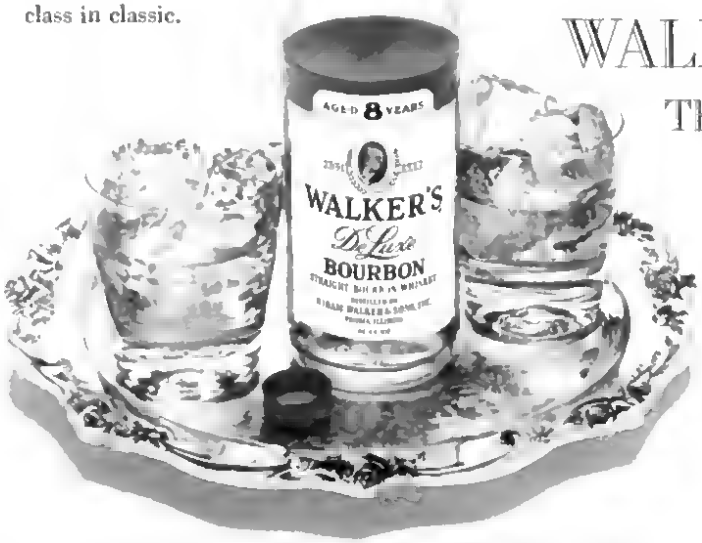

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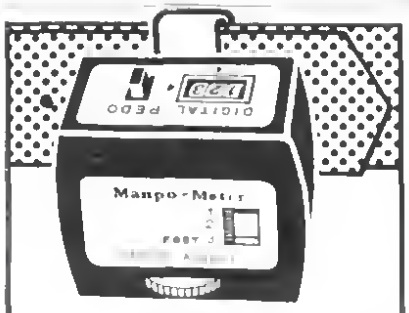

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SPORTSMEN

Sirs

Although there are a couple of months remaining in 1972, the choice for SI's Sportsman of the Year has to be Mark Spitz. Never before has one man set the sports world on fire as has Spitz. In seven attempts in the Olympics he won seven gold medals and set seven world records. Since the beginning of the modern Olympics in 1896, no one has produced this kind of record. As an amateur, Spitz has also shown that there are other incentives in sports besides money. This is the meaning of sportsmanship.

MARK BERNSTEIN

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I nominate Bobby Fischer for Sportsman of the Year. If Eddy Merckx' achievement is comparable to Henry Aaron batting 442, Fischer's string of victories that qualified him to play Spassky was more like Aaron batting 800. Let the United States finally, after so many years, give this incomparable chess genius just a touch of the recognition he deserves, and has deserved for years. We may not understand him, but let us at least applaud his total mastery of his sport.

CHARLES DELMER

Eugene, Ore.

Sirs

As a follower of professional sports and one who always likes to see the best man win, I nominate Tom Landry, coach of the Dallas Cowboys, for Sportsman of the Year. I don't have to give any statistics on Mr. Landry, since he has shown to all true sports fans what he has done.

DAVID M. LENT

Ridgewood, N.J.

Sirs

Softball king Eddie Feigner is a true athlete. No major-leaguer would put up with the conditions and schedule that Feigner does. If I had a vote for Sportsman of the Year, Eddie Feigner would receive it.

JIM BENNETT

Teaticket, Mass.

Sirs

Regarding Sportsman of the Year, there is only one choice: Steve Carlton. The greatest left-handed pitcher ever, Carlton is a man who does not know the meaning of losing, even though he plays for one of the worst teams in the major leagues.

JEFF BANKS

Philadelphia

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